

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year— April 3, 1915

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RALPH FULLERTON MOSINE

CATECHISM FOR COUNTY SUPERVISORS

- Q. How many publicly owned cement plants are there in the world?
- A. One only. It belongs to the City of Los Angeles.
- Q. Why was it built?
- A. To furnish cement for the construction of the Los Angeles aqueduct.
- Q. Was it impossible to buy the cement from private companies?
- A. No. Seven responsible bidders competed for the aqueduct cement order.
- Q. Why, then, did the city build its own plant?
- A. It acted upon the advice of the aqueduct engineers. They promised to build the mill for \$300,000.00; to manufacture cement for \$1.00 a barrel; to save the city a million dollars in the cost of the aqueduct.
- Q. Were these promises fulfilled?
- A. No. The mill cost more than \$900,000.00 to construct. The cement cost \$2.48 a barrel to manufacture. The city lost directly more than a million dollars in the increased cost of cement over the bid price of the private companies.
- Q. Does the city continue to operate this plant?
- A. No. It has been idle for two years.
- Q. Is the plant well situated with respect to markets?
- A. It is located in the Tehachapi mountains at a point called Monolith, remote from all markets. Its freight rate to Los Angeles is 60% higher than the rate from private mills.
- Q. Will the city then dismantle the plant and sell it for junk?
- A. No. The plant will be sold to the county for \$550,000.00.
- Q. Does the county need a cement mill?
- A. No. The interest on \$550,000.00 at 4% would buy twice as much cement as the county has used in the last five years.
- Q. Why then do the supervisors make this purchase?
- A. To serve as a pretext; the end in view is to abstract, legally, a half million odd dollars from the county treasury to enrich the depleted city cash box.
- Q. Is it true that only one of the three private cement mills in Southern California is paying dividends; that of the ten mills on the Pacific Coast only two are paying dividends?
- A. Yes, that is true.

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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BEWARE THE GREEKS CARRYING GIFTS

WHAT a curious attitude for the county supervisors to take in the quiz by taxpayers who are not convinced that the purchase of the Monolith cement mill from the city is a good thing! They seemed to resent the appearance of the protesting delegation, comprising, in the main, representatives from more than a dozen cities in the county, affiliated with the Associated Chambers of Commerce, who Want to Know—as they surely have the right. Not “let us show you, gentlemen, why we think the acquisition of the plant is desirable,” but prove to us, if you can, that it is not.” Supervisor Norton, indeed, went further. He accused the delegation of disingenuousness, while the chairman of the board, Supervisor Pridham, allowed one of the callers from the San Gabriel valley to be grossly insulted by Mr. Betkouski, a member of the city council, interested in unloading the white elephant on the county. Instead of rebuking the councilman for his unpardonable language to one who was in the nature of a guest of the board, the chairman actually smiled at the insinuation. This episode and others of like import, reflected the spirit in which the taxpayers, inimical to the proposed rape of the county treasury, were met.

No more wanton disregard of the rights of the visiting delegation, wholly aside from the common courtesy due, was ever displayed in a similar gathering. Here was a board of supervisors, elected to advance the welfare of the county as a whole and conserve the rights of the taxpayers, not only going counter to the best interests of the people, but grossly insulting those who essayed to recall the erring supervisors to a sense of duty. It was a painful exhibition of bad manners and lamentable ignorance of acts, or else wilful blindness. For, if the cement mill at Monolith is so valuable to the city as its advocates assert, why is it that the city is so anxious to get rid of it? Councilman Betkouski says, because the money is needed to close the old 1907 bond fund. How absurdly futile is such an explanation! Truth is, and the chairman of the finance committee of the city council knows it, the mill has been a commercial failure from the outset. It cost three times the sum that was the chief engineer's estimate and instead of making cement for a dollar a barrel, as announced, the cost to manufacture has averaged \$2.48 a barrel. Far from saving the taxpayers the millions promised

it has lost for the city more than a million dollars in the increased cost of cement over the bid price of the private companies.

Why is the plant idle now, as it has been for two years? When this question was plumped at the county supervisors they looked in vain for a reply. Finally, it was stated that as the aqueduct work was concluded it did not pay to start up the mill. Yet the city is a much larger user of cement than the county. If it did not pay the city, how much less will it pay the county whose total consumption of cement in a year would not exceed a month's run of the mill at capacity. O, but, it was further explained, when the county is in possession it will embark in the cement business and sell its superfluous product to the forty odd towns in the county. Possibly. But this is getting into the field of competition and the Monolith mill never yet has been a competitor of the commercial plants. Handicapped by adverse freight rates, due to the isolated position of the mill and because the privately-owned plants are ably and economically managed, it is reasonable to suppose that the county will not find the easiest sort of sledding in marketing its cement product.

Besides, are the county supervisors so much better equipped by experience and intellect than the city management that they so readily assume success where the present owners failed? It is a most complacent state of mind. If there are taxpayers, many of them, in the county who cannot reach a similar conclusion, they are not without warrant for their divergent opinion. By their own confession the supervisors know nothing about the cement business but, apparently, are relying wholly on the statements of an expert who tells them what a good thing they have offered them at the paltry sum of \$550,000. This same expert was only \$620,000 off in his estimate of building the mill. Is it an unfair assumption that he may be equally as far wrong in his statement that cement can be made for \$1.20 a barrel, including interest and depreciation? One of the city's assistant engineers admits that no cement was ever turned out at the mill at a less cost than \$1.89. Yet the supervisors not only seem to think they can reduce the cost of production 50 per cent below that maintained by the chief engineer of the aqueduct works, but successfully invade the commercial field as well.

Mr. Mulholland nowhere makes the statement that he can produce cement at the Monolith mill for less than \$1.20—the auditor's report shows \$1.89 to be the average cost, however. But assuming that this is possible what does it offer? The county can buy and has bought from the private plants all its cement for \$1.35 at the mill; add present freight to Los Angeles of 23¾ cents and we get \$1.58¾. The freight rate from Monolith is 38 cents making a total cost of \$1.58 or a saving of ¾ of a cent a barrel—if Mr. Mulholland were right. But his guess was \$330,000 to build the mill and it cost the city about \$950,000. Yet the county supervisors would invest upward of \$750,000 in the undertaking including working capital—to gain this possible ¾ of a cent. It is preposterous. There is much loose talk of big profits in the cement business. How is it then, that only one of the three private mills in Southern California is paying dividends? And that of the ten mills on the Pacific coast only two are dividend earners? But, of course, the county supervisors can do much better.

One of the attendants at the Tuesday session, spurred by the assertion of the supervisors that

its object in buying the cement plant is to reduce the price of living, wanted to know why they did not start a bakery and sell bread at cost. It is a pertinent question? But Mr. Pridham explains why. The board has been studying the cement problem for two years and now is about to solve it by plunging the county into an undertaking that will prove a disastrous failure commercially, if precedent counts. It is stated that four per cent on the proposed purchase price of the mill, \$550,000, would buy twice as much cement as the county has used in the last five years. But the purchase price is only the beginning. There must be another \$250,000 for equipment and working capital, to say nothing of the certain deficits that will follow. From every viewpoint the acquisition of the Monolith mill is a mistake, a grievous error so far as the taxpayers are concerned, and if it is persisted in the culpable supervisors—representing the county districts—will have to face sorry music in the near future. As for the supervisor from the city district he, at least, is playing a clever game in the unloading process of the city's white elephant.

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS

NOT content with the flabby ordinance palpably drawn in their favor, and passed over the mayor's veto, the ill-advised jitney-bus drivers now propose, it is stated, to get out a referendum petition on the ordinance and initiate one of their own choosing, which will, of course, be still flabbier than the poor excuse at regulating the traffic now on the city statute books. To offset this action the business men, working through the various civic organizations, are inclined to follow suit with an initiative ordinance, to be considered at the May primaries, embodying regulations that will have a tendency to curb reckless driving, protect the traffic and insure compensation in the event of accident. San Francisco's new ordinance calls for an indemnity bond of \$10,000 and strict adherence to stipulated routes, which features will be presented to the people for their approval or otherwise.

In this way the issue will be clearly drawn and an indication given to the city council of the true temper of the taxpayers on this vexed question. It is unthinkable that a majority of citizens will favor turning over the use of the public streets to the jitney men, practically without restrictions, as the latter demand, leaving the community minus protection whatsoever. It is understood that the jitney drivers balk at any indemnity clause, want no restrictions placed on the use of the running boards and resent having to adhere to a stated route. Their idea seems to be a go-as-you-please schedule, with no regulations that might retard the exercise of their own sweet will. That the public is ready to grant so wide-open a commission to these public carriers is not likely. To do so would be to place in constant jeopardy the lives and property of the people subjected to the vagaries of careless drivers with no compensatory damages forthcoming because of their carelessness.

There is also to be considered the question of fairplay to the street car companies whose franchises depend upon faithful adherence to the regulations imposed by the city ordinances governing their operation. They are mulcted heavily for street assessment work, pay a percentage of their earnings into the city treasury and, besides, in municipal and state taxes do their full share in contributing to the support of the government.

Yet the jitneys, unrestricted and without adequate compensation to the city are allowed to slip in and take the cream of the traffic, which lies in the short-haul service, to the detriment of the responsible transportation lines that share their income with the city and materially help to support its institutions. Nor are the taxicab interests receiving the consideration that is their due. Fully as many drivers with their families are dependent for a living upon the success of the taxicab service as is true of the jitney bus men, but with an absence of restrictions the latter will be able to crowd out a well-regulated and responsible business of great usefulness to the community. All these factors are deserving of serious consideration by the people when the initiative and referendum questions come before them for a decision next month.

RECRUDESCENCE OF THE SP-T B-X

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us! Is it possible that the municipal art commission is responsible, by reason of official approval, for the old-fashioned cuspidors, each holding a young palm tree, that occupy so much valuable space on the congested sidewalks in the Los Angeles business district? Back in Illinois, in the early days when Abe Lincoln was splitting rails for a livelihood, in the country stores where he was wont to thrill his audiences with his rude eloquence or vibrate their internals with his homely anecdotes, there used to repose a similar squared box, filled with sawdust, which the admiring circles, clad in homespun, was wont to use as a target for all superfluous fluidic matter. As society grew more refined and eastern culture gradually supplanted or shall we say, tempered the western gaucheries, the sp-t b-x gave way to a low cylindrical or round vessel, of earthenware or metal, with a funnel-shaped top, yclept a "spittoon." Nowadays, that inelegant suggestion, in turn, is discarded for cuspidor, a word borrowed from the polite French nation.

It has remained for Los Angeles to effect a recrudescence of the sp-t b-x of antebellum days! Alas, for stately Broadway, for sprightly Spring street, for bizarre Main and for all intersecting arteries, from the general's castle at First to the outposts occupied by our funambulating contemporary at Eleventh, that this reminiscent article of crossroads oratory should be thrust into the limelight by our city fathers. To paraphrase Alexander Pope:

What they have learned of art is well forgot,
Their last and greatest art—the art to blot.
For of all the blots ever perpetrated upon a long-suffering community this invasion of the business section by these renaissance sp-t b-xes is, surely, the most painful. It is done, heaven help us, in the name of beauty, and, possibly, to carry out the poet Wordsworth's suggestion that "true beauty dwells in deep retreats," since upspringing from the recesses of these pseudo-concrete monstrosities are semi-tropical palms whose green leaves vie with the verdant hue of the neighboring electroliers, between which they are sandwiched. We say, "pseudo-concrete" because a gentleman of an inquisitorial turn of mind, in whom we place implicit confidence, assures us that he has tested the sp-t b-xes with his jack-knife and ascertained beyond peradventure that the concrete is of veneer only, hiding the yellow pine beneath. This revelation, shocking as it is to those who hold with the poet that art is long and life fleeting, is a trifle reassuring in that it gives us a ray of hope—their life will be ephemeral.

Already, signs of wear and tear, not only of the elements, but of the ruthless public, give evidence of what the illusory concrete receptacles will be like a few weeks hence. Decorated with many a bruise, many a stray streak of liquidity; gashed by the cocky little jitney and bumped by the burly motor-truck, O, my countrymen, O, my fellow-citizenesses what a sight they will present!

If ever we had cause to weep that Lycidas is dead, how much faster will our tears flow when, standing at any street corner of our beloved metropolis, we gaze upon the wrecked bases of the towering pines striving to hide their perturbed heads. If trees have souls, as we are told they have, how these timid young things will suffer. Theirs, surely, is the palm of martyrdom.

All this from the viewpoint of outraged art. As to the material side, the ruthless law of economics, that extols utilitarianism as its god, what a lot of good space is thereby dissipated! Not content with bedeviling our merchants with the jitney horror, our city fathers have thrust a new ogre upon them, closer yet to their front doors, whose entrances they have obstructed. A few, only a few days, when these spurious cement sp-t b-xes shall have shed their borrowed shells, what a ragged looking row of rib-exposed cuspidors will be bared to the harrowing view of the public. Let us draw a veil over this scarifying spectacle! There are scenes too agonizing for mere mortals to contemplate. The dilacerated remains of the abode of the transplanted palm will cry out to high heaven for removal!

AMBITIONS THAT HAVE GONE AGLEY

WE violate no confidence in expressing the belief that Supervisor Pridham cherishes the ambition to preside as mayor over a consolidated city and county Los Angeles. His friends assert it and he himself loses no opportunity to preach annexation. But, alas, for the frailty of mundane hopes, the Benedict bill, which embodied annexation as its basic idea, has apparently been dealt a solar plexus blow at Sacramento by those doughty champions of the provinces, Senators Thompson and Carr, who have recognized the determined opposition in their respective districts to a political union with the metropolis. Their influence, together with opposition that developed in the north, is sufficient to prevent the proposed measure from reaching enactment at this session. Passage of Senator Benedict's other bill permitting chartered cities to combine their tax collector and assessor with the county tax collector and assessor will effect a great saving in administration besides abolishing a great nuisance. It is economic waste to maintain two sets of offices for the same purpose since the county officials must necessarily cover all the ground. For a small fee the county can relieve the city of its task and one payment by the taxpayer meet all requirements.

But physical annexation of territory with consequent loss of political independence does not appeal to the thriving and well governed cities sought to be included in a greater Los Angeles. No matter how economically administered the central government, its officials could not have the same interest in the outlying districts, with their own problems to solve, that a resident administration would naturally have. Besides, Los Angeles is a metropolis, with business the dominant consideration, while Pasadena, Alhambra, South Pasadena, Long Beach and Santa Monica are essentially residence centers. They must work out their own political salvation and they can do it far better if let alone or by a natural consolidation of allied interests as with Pasadena and South Pasadena. We are now face to face with the San Fernando annexation folly and the more it is contemplated the more absurd the spectacle. In no remote degree is that stretch of agricultural territory on the north to be regarded as having urban qualities. Owing solely to an arbitrary ipse dixit in regard to the serving of aqueduct water San Fernando valley is to be made part of the metropolis—that is, if Los Angeles voters acquiesce, which is not yet a settled fact.

Let us not get too ambitious. Los Angeles covers enough area as it is to get justice done by it and this reaching out for more territory is a questionable procedure. Make a beautiful city,

rather than a bulky city; as we have suggested before, bigness does not constitute greatness. Our problems are serious enough to require the best concentrated wisdom we can bring to bear upon them and a scattering of interests will only increase our perplexities without yielding sufficient compensations to warrant the expansion. Moreover, we could not do justice to the residential sections palavered by the Dunhams, the Handleys and other philanthropists engaged by a secret cabal to inveigle the country districts into relinquishing their birthrights for the messes of pottage offered to them to smell. Our deepest, profoundest sympathies are extended to the chairman of the board of supervisors in the temporary upset of his political ambitions. Perhaps, when he has demonstrated what a wonderful financial investment the Monolith cement mill is for the county the entire provinces will rise up as one man to tender him his coveted reward.

IS UNIVERSAL TEMPERANCE COMING?

OCCASIONALLY, the thought intrudes, Is the late Frances E. Willard permitted, in her place in the abode of the shades, to keep herself informed of the changing sentiment in the civilized world, with regard to the liquor question, to bring about which she devoted so much of her time and ability in the many years she was leader in the White Ribbon movement? If so, she has seen a powerful revelation of late, not only in her own country, but in the, apparently, hopelessly besotted Russian nation, whose peasantry, stupefied by vodka, the common alcoholic drink, was deemed beyond redemption. Removal of this curse by arbitrary edict, at the outbreak of the war, has given a resiliency to the Russian soldier he never before possessed; his brain is clearer, his step is springy, his constitution is better able to withstand the rigors of a campaign than of yore. If victory perches on his banners, the advantage accruing by reason of enforced temperance will be a slogan for the White Ribboners whose potency can hardly be overestimated.

Whether Germany will be induced by force of example to forego her national beverage is not yet apparent. France has already put her official foot down on absinthe, to the credit of the nation, and now Great Britain is seriously contemplating taking drastic measures to solve the drink problem in the, heretofore, "tight" little island. King George, in his anxiety to cope with the liquor traffic has offered to set an example by interdicting its consumption in the royal household "so that no differences should be made so far as his majesty is concerned between the treatment of the rich and the poor in this question." It is a significant attitude and one that cannot fail to have a far-reaching effect. The reason for this remarkable plea for sobriety in the nation is attributable to the vexatious delays at the armament factories in turning out munitions of war. The evidence, it is stated, shows that the trouble is "without doubt largely due to drink" and "a continuance of such a state of things must inevitably result in the prolongation of the horrors and burdens of this horrible war."

In order to diminish the opposition it is announced that the prohibitory measure will be in force only during the progress of the war, but who can believe that once the nation has been under the healthful stimulus of temperance it will revert to a state of drunkenness? With a drink bill twice as large per capita as America's and four times as great as Canada's, the need for retrenchment is obvious. That the only way to get real prohibition is through governmental edict has long been recognized, but the reluctance to interfere with what is considered an individual right has been strong enough to retard national legislation of an interdictory nature. Now, the time has come when the life of a nation is at stake and it must take precedence. If universal

temperance shall be the result of the war, the cost, though extreme, may not be counted too great.

DICE SHAKING FOR THE GANDER ONLY

WHAT an affront to the softer sex! To think that here in California, where we pride ourselves on our gallantry to women, as evidenced in the equal suffrage law, a local judge has denied them the same right that is accorded to men—that of dice-shaking at the cigar stores or other stands in Los Angeles. Judge Willis holds that it is gambling, hence not a lawful business, consequently, in discriminating, the disqualifying ordinance, which he upholds, is not class legislation. This may be sound law, but it is nevertheless, invidious in that it permits to one sex what is denied to the other. In the language of the superior court jurist: "I am of the opinion that the ordinance in question is enacted in the interest of decency and morality, and that in passing the same the city council subverted a wholesome public duty."

So, then, for the prospective father to gamble, to indulge in unlawful business is neither immoral nor indecent, is the inference; it is only when the future mother of the race essays the practice that it becomes a crime. What a naive viewpoint? Highly complimentary to the women, it must be admitted, since they are the ones that really count, but revealing to a degree the humbug contained in the ordinance passed by the city council and so warmly lauded by one of our jurists, who, as a rule, is not given to moral solecisms of this nature. As a matter of fact the city council is doing far more harm to our youths in legalizing gambling than it can ever amend by interdicting the same "diversion" to girls or women. Only a very small percentage of the latter would care to avail themselves of the privilege, while every cigar stand teems with dice shakers—young men taking their preparatory course in gambling.

Why not be frank? We know, and doubtless Judge Willis knows, that the cigar trade is greatly accelerated by the dice-shaking habit, which lures young men into the effort of trying to get something for nothing, a most reprehensible practice. If girls were cigar buyers and smokers to the same extent as the young men, presumably, the same influence which has enabled the cigar trade to have dice-shaking legalized by ordinance would be broadened to include both sexes. As it is, the cigar man is probably afraid of the sex lure that would win from him his customers were the women to enter the lists as competitors in any numbers. By allowing men to gamble for cigars—which is polite fiction for cash—and forbidding women so to indulge a propensity for wrong-doing, our city council is "protecting the public health, morals and welfare." Hurrah for the city council and hurrah for the judge, say we.

What is a "Refractory" Building?

Golfers are trying to find out what sort of a structure is a "refractory" building, for which, it is alleged, plans have been submitted by Sumner P. Hunt to the park commission for erection at the municipal golf links. The Times is the authority for the statement that this "refractory" building is to be included, in the next budget, and out at the Country Club, Annandale and Midwick they are worrying about it, and are anxious to learn if this is a refinement in golfing which they have not yet encountered. When Mr. Hunt was approached for a solution and asked to divulge the secret—whether this refractory building was for golfers who refused to blither their drool, or whatever golfers should do, or for the storage of balls which have developed the habit of burrowing into bunkers or dodging the drive stroke, he explained that while he had had to do with refractory contractors and refractory workmen, in this case it was a refectory building that was contemplated—a place for lockers for the players, and for refreshments. Naturally, such refreshments would not be of a truly golffy nature, but at least would wash the dust out of the throat.



ALTHOUGH Edward FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyam has given the English poet everlasting fame his letters are deservedly classed as his most valuable literary bequests. One of his commentators has pronounced him great as a letter-writer in an age when letter-writing had almost ceased to be an art. Let anyone read his inimitable letters to Fanny Kemble and revel in his masterly style which he has defined as "saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands, and saying it so naturally that no effort is apparent." Which introduction leads me to say that I have chanced upon, this week, at the Old Book Shop, the unexpurgated edition of FitzGerald's "Letters and Literary Remains," edited by William Aldis Wright (Macmillan). A rare prize, since in later editions the unfortunate reference to Mrs. Browning was deleted, the story about which I will presently relate. It will be recalled that after FitzGerald's death, in June 1883, a small tin box, addressed to Mr. Wright, was found by his executors, containing among other things corrected copies of his printed works. It was Mr. Wright's idea to let FitzGerald be his own biographer, telling his own story and revealing his own character in his letters. Fortunately, as he tells us, there were many of these, and he has endeavored to give such a selection from them as would serve his purpose, adding a few words here and there to connect them and explain what was not sufficiently evident. The letters begin from the time that FitzGerald left college and continue with shorter or longer intervals till the day of his death.

FitzGerald's letters, like his conversation, declares Mr. Wright, were perfectly unaffected and full of quiet humor. In his lonely life they were the chief means he had of talking with his friends and they were always welcome. In reply to one of them Carlyle wrote: "Thanks for your friendly human letter; which gave us much entertainment in the reading (at breakfast time the other day), and is still pleasant to think of. One gets so many inhuman letters, ovine, bovine, porcine, etc., etc. I wish you could write a little oftener." I wonder what Carlyle would have said of FitzGerald's letter to the Quaker poet of Woodbridge, Bernard Barton (whose daughter FitzGerald married) written in April, 1838, and included in the literary remains now before me? Fortunately for Carlyle's amour propre he died in 1881 so that he was spared a blow. The author had been suffering from influenza, which, he complained, "has blocked up most of my senses and put a wet blanket over my brains." He continues: "This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's French Revolution—written in a German style. People say the book is very deep; but it appears to me that the meaning seems deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose nor equable movement in it; all cut up into short sentences, half reflection, half narrative; so that one labors through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary going waves caused by shallows and straits and meeting tides, etc. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like that of Bacon or the Opium Eater. There is also pleasant freshwater sailing with such writers as Addison; is there any pond sailing in literature? That is, drowsy, slow, and of small compass?" FitzGerald has done me a great favor: I was afraid my tastes were vitiated, for Carlyle's French Revolution has always exasperated me whenever I have tried to read it.

To get to the Browning episode. In a letter to W. H. Thompson, dated July 15, 1861, FitzGerald wrote, among other interesting chat: "Mrs. Browning's death (she died June 30, 1861) is rather a relief to me. I must say; no more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know; but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children; and, perhaps, the poor. Except in such things as little novels, they only devote them-

selves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse or not at all."

When the letters appeared in book form (1889) Browning's attention was called to the comment on his wife and it aroused the poet's ire. That FitzGerald was dead made no difference. He addressed a sonnet to his shade. This is it:

I chanced upon a new book yesterday
I opened it, and, where my finger lay
"Twixt page and uncut page, these words I read—
Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby
That you, FitzGerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, "thanked God my wife was dead."

Ay, dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return you thanks would task my wits:
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs—
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace.
Surely, to spit there glorifies your face,
Spitting—from lips once sanctified by Hers.

This bitter metrical rejoinder to what was never intended to have been a reflection on Mrs. Browning as an individual, appeared in the London Athenaeum of July 1889, on page 64. Its publication at once elicited an open letter from FitzGerald's literary executor who in the succeeding issue of the Athenaeum wrote from Trinity College, Cambridge, under date of July 16, 1889, upbraiding himself for his remissness in editing the letters. He says: "I find that by a grave oversight I have allowed a sentence to stand in one of Edward FitzGerald's letters which has stirred the just resentment of Mr. Browning. FitzGerald's expression was evidently thrown off with the freedom that men permit themselves in correspondence with their intimate friends; and I feel how great an injustice I have done to FitzGerald in making public what was but the careless outburst of a passing mood and thus investing it with a significance which was never designed. That I should have allowed a passage to remain which has so wronged the dead and pained the living causes me, I need not say, extreme vexation, and I can only beg publicly to express my sincere regret."

This handsome apology from William Aldis Wright so appeased Browning that although the poem was reprinted in another publication it never appeared in any of his collected works, I believe. As for the resented sentence, it was expunged from all future editions and only appears in the original imprint, which is why my copy is so highly appreciated. I cannot think that Mr. Browning's outburst did him credit, and I cherish the thought that he was heartily ashamed of his tirade against the kindly FitzGerald, or rather his shade.

For he was one of the most lovable of souls. Alfred Tennyson, on hearing of his death, wrote to Sir Frederic Pollock: "I had no truer friend; he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known of so fine and delicate a wit." When Thackeray, not long before he died, was asked by his daughter which of his old friends he had loved most, he replied, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure." One of his few surviving contemporaries, speaking from a life-long experience, described him with perfect truth as an eccentric man of genius, "who took more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it."

It is interesting to recall that Edward FitzGerald was the third son of John Purcell, who married his cousin Mary Frances FitzGerald, and upon the death of her father in 1818 took the name and arms of FitzGerald. Edward was then nine year old. In this brief browsing I cannot consider, with any attempt at detail, the many delightful passages I have found in the three volumes of letters so intelligently edited by Mr. Wright. Let me simply deal here with certain incidents in connection with his wonderful translation of Omar Khayyam. It will be remembered that his edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar was published anonymously by Bernard Quaritch in 1859, after it had lain neglected for two years in the office of Fraser's magazine. It was equally neglected by the public. We all know the story of how the publisher, to whom FitzGerald had made a gift of the work, exposed the pamphlets for sale at a penny each. They were gradually picked up, and thus were the germs of the Omar Khayyam cult planted, as Mr. Dole has expressed it.

In a letter to E. B. Cowell (December 28, 1867) written from 12 Marine Terrace Lowestoft, we find him telling that "here at Lowestoft, in this same row of houses, two doors off, I was writing out the translation (of Omar) I made in the winter of 1859. I have scarce looked at original or translation since. But I was struck by this: that eight years had made little or no alteration in my idea of the matter; it seemed to me that I really had brought in nearly all worth remembering, and had really condensed the whole into a much compacter image than the original. This is what I think I can do with such discursive things; such as all the Oriental things

I have seen are . . . When I say all this you need not suppose that I am vindicating the translation as a piece of verse. I remember thinking it from the first rather disagreeable than not; though with some good parts. Jam satis."

In September 1863 Mr. Ruskin addressed a letter to "The Translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar"—remember that it was published anonymously four years before—which he entrusted to an American friend, who after an interval of nearly ten years handed it to Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University. By him it was transmitted to Carlyle, who sent it to FitzGerald with a letter in which he refers to Dr. Norton, across the Atlantic, as an "extremely amiable, intelligent and worthy man" with whom he had had many talks, in the course of which he brought to Carlyle's notice the Omar Khayyam translation, a copy of which (the third edition) Dr. Norton, at that time associate editor of the North American Review, had presented to the sage of Chelsea. Says Carlyle: "From him, too, by careful cross-questioning, I identified, beyond dispute, the hidden 'FitzGerald' the translator—and, indeed, found that his complete silence and unique modesty in regard to said meritorious and successful performance was simply a feature of my own Edward F." To Norton Carlyle wrote enclosing a letter he had received from FitzGerald, "As a slight emblem and memorial of the peaceable, affectionate and ultra-modest man, and his innocent far niente life," FitzGerald also wrote to Dr. Norton, in which he describes the Ruskin message as a "funny little episode—the ten years dream." In a private letter which Mr. N. H. Dole quotes, Professor Norton—he was then affiliated with Harvard university—says: "FitzGerald's 'Omar' illustrates the miracle of trans-substantiation of the bare elements into the very blood and body of poetry." FitzGerald himself said, "a translation must be a paraphrase to be readable."

Later, Professor Norton was to get other letters from FitzGerald, charming, frank, gossip letters about literary people on both sides of the Atlantic that must have given the American great joy in their receipt. Even forty years after, in cold print, they are delightful reading. The hundred and one clever expressions he uses, his comments on literary men and their work, how I should love to quote freely! But if I once begin there is no place to end, for the letters are full of anecdote, of sprightly reminiscence, of well-formed opinion. Only a month before FitzGerald died he wrote to Professor Norton, the last of many, many delightful letters. He had been up to London and took occasion to look for a few moments on No. 5 Cheyne Row (Carlyle's old home) which he had not seen for "five and twenty years." No. 5 (now 24) "which had cost her so much of her tragic life (Jane) to make habitable for him," and "all neglected, unswept, ungarnished, uninhabited 'To Let.' I cannot get it out of my head, the tarnished Scene of the Tragedy (one must call it) there enacted." No wonder he was glad to get away from it. Five weeks later, Edward FitzGerald died peacefully in bed, when paying his annual visit to Merton Rectory where the poet Crabbe's grandson was in charge. He was buried in the little churchyard of Boulge and all lovers of FitzGerald can endorse the sentiment expressed by Rev. Mr. Crabbe that "a very noble character has passed away." S. T. C.

Neat Advertising Booklet

Symbolizing the old adage, "Great aches from little toecorns grow," or words to that effect, the Citizens Trust and Savings bank has issued a neat booklet in the form of an acorn, the gist of which is the promotion of the gospel of thrift. With philosophy and figures it is shown what results may be accomplished by systematic saving, the bank making an especial effort to accommodate working people by opening at 8 o'clock in the morning and not closing until 10 in the evening, including Saturday. The old days when a bank was simply a passive institution which accepted money that anyone saw fit to turn over to it, have passed away, and the bank that succeeds now is the one which, by judicious and constant advertising educates the public and shows in what way the bank can serve the people.

Time's Requiem

When Big Ben booms in stately tones the hour From out his ancient home in yonder tower, And Big Ben's boys peal forth their minor chime, Harmonious as the rhythmic flow of Time, Pause, traveler, 'tis for all the deadliest knell That ever yet on ear of mortal fell— It tolls with solemn music's fateful breath The latest moment's passing unto death.

—W. H. ANDERSON

Life's Little Comedies---V

The Tenant---By S. T. C.

OWNER OF THE PROPERTY: Writer. Only moderately well off. Not a money maker; intensely human in his sympathies. Never mind his age.

TENANT: Soft voice, tearful eyes, helpless look; thirty-five.

(Office of owner of house. Books all about; periodicals on table; general air of literary worker. Time, April. Tenant enters from hall).

TENANT

I beg your pardon, I am Mrs. Pendlehurst, renter of your house at Hollywood.

OWNER

(Who has immediate visions of a demand for improvements): Yes? Be seated, won't you

TENANT

It is about the house (owner groans internally). I fear I shall have to give it up.

OWNER

But you have a lease for a year, madam. It does not expire until next September.

TENANT

Yes, I know. But Mr. Pendlehurst has had reverses and has gone to Chicago. He is unable to pay the rent.

OWNER

(Sympathetically): That is unfortunate. But it was you, not he, who signed the lease. I was not aware there was a Mr. Pendlehurst.

TENANT

(Embarrassed and allowing her eyes to become liquid): O, yes; he—he is not a good business man; he has been in financial difficulties. I have made all contracts of late years.

OWNER

But, madam, my agent informed me that your mother lived with you and was responsible. Pardon me for seeming too personal, but is it not true that she makes you an allowance?

TENANT

(Sighing): She has done so, but her income has suffered in these dull times and her resources are materially curtailed. It is almost impossible for us to pay \$50 a month; indeed, we cannot.

OWNER

But I spent \$250 in redecorating the house to suit you, with the understanding that you'd stay at least a year, and so your lease reads.

OWNER

(Her eyes suffused with tears, her voice trembling): Yes, I am so sorry to have to leave, but really, I cannot pay the rent.

OWNER

(Gently remonstrative): But, you know, I can hold you under the lease.

TENANT

But I can't pay the rent.

OWNER

(Grimly): The house is well furnished?

TENANT

O, but you wouldn't touch that, surely?

OWNER

(Diplomatically): I trust it will not be necessary, madam.

TENANT

(With an air of imparting a great confidence): My husband—must I tell it?—has deserted me and my two children. While, it is true, he has not provided much for us, still he earned enough to meet the rent. Now that he has gone away, I am obliged to change all my plans.

OWNER

Well, madam, I am truly sorry for you, but you have to live somewhere. What do you expect to do with all that good furniture?

TENANT

(Confidentially): I shall store it.

OWNER

Then what?

TENANT

Then, then I shall rent a small apartment, leave the children with my mother and try to get employment. Perhaps, as a nurse.

OWNER

Is it so bad as that? Well, well, I am sorry! Of course, I will not be arbitrary. I suppose I can find another tenant, but there is always so much wanted done to a house, even though it is left in good condition.

TENANT

(With rising spirits and an air of profound gratitude): O, we will leave everything in excellent order, I can promise you. You are so kind. (Sighs). I assure you I do appreciate your great courtesy in releasing me. I knew you would not restrain me from moving out the furniture, for my friends said you would never think of doing

that; you were one of the most considerate of men. (Rises to go). I can never thank you enough. (She gives him a soulful glance from her liquid eyes, says good-bye in a softly-modulated, vibrant voice and retires before the owner has come out of his hypnotic state).

(A fortnight later. Owner is speaking over the phone to his Hollywood agent).

OWNER

She has gone, has she? Well, you better hustle around and find a new tenant. Yes, I know. I could have held her under the lease, but the case was a sad one, and, hang it all, I'm not a shark. What's that? Bought a new house four blocks away? The devil! What? a present from her mother? Seven thousand dollars? Seven thousand dollars! Left the house in bad shape, you say! Walls dented, floors have to be re-laid? D—n! I guess I'm an easy mark! (Hangs up telephone, laughs cynically and sits down to express his feelings in this wise).

FACTS ABOUT SILVERWOOD'S SONG

In his efforts to prove "I Love You California" of too ephemeral a character to be accepted as a state song, Edward H. Hamilton, a writer on the San Francisco Examiner, from Sacramento, made the following remarks:

"Do you know that it is really proposed in seriousness to fix upon California as a 'State-song' the musical hodge-podge known as 'I Love You California'? When the suggestion was made by Noisy Bill Scott of San Francisco, the Merry Andrew of debate, l'homme quit rit of legislation, the thing was regarded as a cheap sort of joke. But the senate committee has recommended that Scott's act be passed and it has gone to third reading.

"The musicians are stirring up against it but slowly. Up from San Diego, Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart, who plays the big open air organ in the Southern exposition, has sent a note of warning and the San Francisco Musical Society is to protest. I'd like to hear Bendix and Hadley and Eddy and other visiting musicians on the subject of putting the exposition state to shame with such a song; but unless halted somehow, these tone-deaf lawmakers will fix Scott's asinine proposal upon California then we'll have a dickens of a time getting rid of it."

Since this appeared the song was voted down and then replaced in the regard of the senate and is on its way to the house. Whether "I Love You California" is or is not a masterpiece (most of the songs closest to the hearts of men are not masterpieces from a technical point of view) it has been accepted by the people of the state of California.

It was instrumental in linking together the Shriners of the north with the Shriners of the south in a tour around the state a year ago last October. It was the song the California Shriners sang, as they went in a mass to the Atlanta convention of Shriners last summer with four special trains loaded down with booklets, fruits and nuts, to welcome the country to the fairs this year. And the money raised by the tour around the state and the proceeds of the song, were used for this undertaking. "I Love You California" was the official song used to open the San Diego Exposition.

"I Love You California" was not written by F. B. Silverwood for personal reputation building. Such publicity as came to him came indirectly. He wrote it one night when lonesome in New York City, because throughout the length and breadth of the state none of our writers or musicians of technical ability had thought it worth while to write and give a song to their state. On his return to Los Angeles he gave the song to the band and patrol of Al Malaikah Temple to be used to raise a fund for promoting "California 1915" and erase the "Mason and Dixon Line" between the Shriners of the north and the Shriners of the south. Mary Garden, in the opera "Natoma," offered to present the song for the band and patrol. Sherley Hunter, the advertising man for F. B. Silverwood, donated his services to giving the song a thorough and proper publicity, with apparent success. A. F. Frankenstein, who composed the music, did his part in the same spirit. All that Mr. Silverwood had to do with the song after giving it to the boys of Al Malaikah was to stand back of them in publishing and presenting it. No doubt he has spent a goodly sum out of his own pocket besides.

Intimate View of Local Dramatic Critics - ---By Randolph Bartlett

WHEN a certain New York theatrical manager said to a certain critic, "If you know so much about plays, why don't you write one?" the critic replied, "I know the difference between good and bad eggs, but I can't lay one." The difference between the creative and the critical faculty never was better expressed. Ruskin could not paint, but he could appreciate the genius of Turner. Carlyle never conducted a revolution, but he knew better, probably, what Danton and Robespierre meant to France than did they themselves; William Archer, so far as I know, never wrote a play, but few deny that he is a great analyst of dramatic art. Theatrical criticism is an ancient and honorable profession, though not always conducted in a highly honorable manner, but when this is the case, usually, it is less the fault of the dramatic critic than the particular system under which he works. But there is no department of a newspaper which has a more direct influence upon the financial success or failure of the ventures with which it deals, than this, for the reason that it deals, not with facts, but with opinions, and, given the freedom of a column of type, a writer can add or subtract hundreds of dollars from the receipts of a manager in a week's engagement. Who has not heard the remark frequently, from a friend, that he is not going to see a certain show because So-and-So says it is no good. There is a great responsibility resting upon the theatrical critic, usually recognized by the reviewer himself, but too often influenced by the business relations existing between the newspaper and the theater. The valuable man is he who can reconcile the two conflicting forces, and by his fairness and sureness of judgment, earn the right to say what he thinks without interference from either the newspaper publisher or the theatrical manager.

Under what conditions do the critics employed by the Los Angeles newspapers work? Several years ago a critic attended a performance at a certain theater here, and was so forcibly impressed by the inadequacy of the interpretation (it was an Oscar Wilde play done by a stock company!) that he condemned the performance in strong terms. The next day the publisher received a letter stating that this critic would not be permitted again to enter that theater. It was a diplomatic way of saying that if the paper insisted upon sending him, the advertising patronage of the theater would be discontinued. This is an extreme case, and here is another. A writer who had a certain established reputation as a critic was engaged by one of the morning papers to do its reviewing, but later was informed that he could not have the position, as it was understood he was persona non grata with a manager (name not stated). Does this mean that the theatrical managers dictate to the newspapers who shall or shall not write about their performances, and, consequently, in what spirit they shall write? The question is best answered by looking over the work of the men who are doing the criticisms, and drawing the logical conclusions.

Henry Warnack of the Times is unique among dramatic critics anywhere on earth. It is one of his favorite remarks, that he never writes what he thinks about a play. But then, Henry is essentially a poet, (a fact he demonstrated by appearing at his own wedding in black and white tweeds, a Windsor tie and an unlighted cigar), and poets never, by any chance, mean what they say. They believe in the remark that language was created for the concealment of thought. The interpretation of Mr. Warnack's declaration is that he does not think about the play at all, this being proved by the fact that often, in the midst of interesting cogitations in his seat at the theater, he is rudely interrupted by laughter or applause, and has to ask his companion what it is all about. One part of the play may suggest to him a train of thought, and he rides this train until it is derailed by such an interruption as I have mentioned, and then he boards another, without visible disturbance to his cerebrations. If, for instance, he were to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the first time, he would write about like this:

"Dogs are the most truly spiritual of all animals. What things we believe only after long and tiresome mental toil, they know instinctively. They often try to set us right about things. The unfathomable look we often see in their eyes is not unhappiness on their own account, but sadness that they cannot help us to grasp in an instant the vital facts of life. They try to speak in our language, and make strange, ti roaty

sounds. Children understand them, because they are not weighted down with a lot of knowledge about the world," and so on, and so on, until toward the end of the dissertation you discover that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played at the Elite Opry House the preceding night.

It is much the same process that most ministers employ in building up their sermons from texts which seemed simple enough until the explanation set in. By dealing thus in glittering generalities Mr. Warnack avoids antagonizing theatrical managers, and gains a large following among very young women who like to think they are thinking the thoughts of genius. The fact that Mr. Warnack knows nothing about the stage, and boasts about it, makes this all the more impressive. In other words, his idea is, let the theater take care of itself—my business is to inspire my readers with my prose poems, and if these poems have anything to do with the play I am writing about, I have no objection. This is the clever way in which he has reconciled the demands of the business office and those of his conscience, with about equal satisfaction to both.

Passing southward on Broadway we are quite likely to encounter a rotund and smiling figure, Guy Price, the Kewpie of local theatricals, who supplies the Herald with what answers for dramatic criticism. His method is simple and direct, and a typical bit of his writing would run about like this: "Ollie Morosco opened another bottle of dramatic joy juice at the Burbank yesterday afternoon when the clever Burbank Stock Company presented the brilliant farce comedy 'Who's Chewing Gum?' by the famous author, Gook Mazook. The staging was sumptuous, the cast perfect, the lines sparkling, the comedy funny, the tragedy sad, the audience large and enthusiastic, and it should enjoy a long and prosperous run." Mr. Price retains his youth better than any other dramatic editor in the city. He does not believe in taking chances with brain-fag. And he owns an automobile. After all, it is too much to expect a writer to turn out gems of classic prose, when he has to fill in the time not occupied in being a dramatic editor, by writing thrilling headlines like "Pretty Girl Shoots Millionaire," or "Trial Marriage Bride Drowns in Sink."

Now, this is all extremely unfair to Mr. Price, who, as a matter of experience, knows more about American theatrical affairs than any other member of the local corps, and if he were permitted absolute freedom of expression would come a great deal closer to an exact estimate of the plays than any other local writer, possibly. But a child can see that the sort of thing he writes for the Herald is the product of instructions from the front office—understood if not expressed. And such a silly business policy, too—the cheapest outgrowth of the spirit of eternal "boost" in this part of the globe! It is not the product of the theatrical manager's demand, but of what the newspaper management thinks he would demand, and anticipates him. I do not suggest for an instant that Guy Barnham sends word down to the Herald office that Guy Price must not criticize adversely any performance at a theater which advertises. But it is tacitly understood that the policy of the paper is of a certain sort, and Mr. Price, being a person of discernment, and with considerable liking for his job, writes what he does. I should like extremely to read something, sometime, written as if he meant it.

At various times when I have been asked for a suggestion as to a reliable guide to theatrical affairs by persons who did not want want to wait until the end of the week when The Graphic is available, I have said, "Get the Tribune, read Monroe Lathrop's column, and throw the paper away." I doubt if there is any writer who feels so keenly his double responsibility, to the theater and to the public, as does Mr. Lathrop. He is always anxious not to injure the business of a theater, by indulging in satire or flippant comment, and yet he appears never to forget that a great many people read his column for information. This is a rather unique idea in dramatic criticism anywhere in this country. The first thought in the mind of the average reviewer, who devotes any thought to the matter at all, is to entertain. He would rather make a sarcastic pun upon the name of the play (such as "The Escape"—it takes place at 10:45 for the majority of the audience, but those who are wise will make theirs much earlier) than tell in ordinary language what the drama is about. It does not occur to him that many people read newspapers with a desire for information, his standard of journalism being best expressed by "Mutt and Jeff" and "The Katzenjammer Twins." With as-

tonishing originality Mr. Lathrop has arrived at the conclusion that he can disarm hostile managers whose productions he criticizes adversely, and serve his readers best, by stating facts and reasons rather than arbitrary opinions. There is seldom any dazzling brilliance in Mr. Lathrop's work, but it gives one a great deal of satisfaction to read criticisms which manifestly are designed less for the glorification of the writer, or for the benefit of the advertising columns, than for the dissemination of information.

Going on out into the suburbs and visiting the Examiner, we meet the dean of the local dramatic corps, Otheman Stevens, a man who is possessed of greater erudition, by natural gift, by education and by inclination, than almost any other newspaper writer in the United States. His extensive reading, close acquaintance with men who have accomplished things in the world, and his independence of thought, equip him ideally for a career as a critic of life, art, literature and drama. Yet as a dramatic critic Mr. Stevens frequently falls short of the level which his admirers set for him. In his case it is not because of business office diplomacy, for his relations with the Examiner are such that what he writes goes into the paper without change (save for the spelling, in which he is at times deficient). But it seems impossible for any man, no matter how strong his personality or how pronounced his ability, to remain a portion of the Hearst machine for any protracted period, and do his best work consistently from day to day. It is not merely a matter of high pressure, for the Hearst headlines are well treated in the matter of the volume of work expected and the time necessary to do it. But such an artificial attitude toward the public as exists in all Hearst offices, such a feeling of contempt for the public and an ingrown belief that a newspaper is a law unto itself, and can force its readers to believe almost anything, is not conducive to the highest development of creative ability. Mr. Stevens could have had a distinguished career as a magazine writer, a statement justified by interesting work he turned out several years ago, but for various reasons he elected to retain his present position. Doubtless, it was this deliberate turning back from a broader field that has caused Mr. Stevens to drop to a certain level which produces a theatrical column that, while always interesting and readable, is always a considerable disappointment to those who know what work he could do.

There is one other dramatic critic in Los Angeles of whose work I shall speak but briefly. He is a man of great experience, keen insight, infallible judgment, scintillating style, utmost tolerance, broad modernism, and absolute courage and independence of thought. The editor of The Graphic thinks it would be immodest for me to mention his name.

From this it will be seen that, for the most part, the dramatic critics of Los Angeles, whatever their other shortcomings may be, are not keeping one eye on the cash register as they write their reviews of the plays. Nor, I am positive, do the theatrical managers govern their expenditures in proportion to the amount of favorable mention they receive to the extent that the canny business managers seem to think. In several years of work as press agent I never received any instructions or suggestions of that sort. There have been occasions when, because of increases in rates, advertising expenditures have been curtailed with certain papers, but this never had anything to do with the attitude toward criticisms. And when newspapers attempted to force the theaters back into line by indulging in persistent abuse, they failed to accomplish their purpose, and the end of the war was brought about only when peaceful methods were employed. The principle that the bully is invariably a coward applies no less to newspapers than to men.

Behind this dissertation upon the local theatrical reviewers there is a real uplift motive, without which nothing should be done in Los Angeles. That motive is that the dramatic critics now having been for the first time, subjected to the same treatment that they apply constantly to the plays and players, they may become imbued with a certain fellow feeling for the frogs which they have so cheerfully been stoning.

Asking a Russian how to say Przemysl is a good deal like expecting a German to give you the correct pronunciation of Cholmondeley. Russian and Czech are both Slavonic, but so are German and English both Teutonic tongues.

By the Way



"Jimmy" Horsburgh Welcomed South

In the person of James Horsburgh, Jr., one of the most interesting characters in the railroad world of California has come to Los Angeles to assume the duties of general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, vice Frank E. Batturs transferred to a similar position in San Francisco. While Mr. Horsburgh is not a native son, he is almost a '49er, for his first connection with the road he has served so long and faithfully dates back to the early 70's when the headquarters of the company was at Sacramento. In all his more than forty years of service with the road the development of California has been uppermost in his mind and work, and to his credit may be placed a great deal of the success of the Southern Pacific advertising campaigns on the coast. One of his ideas developed and carried out was the establishment of "California Raisin Day," which has meant much to the raisin industry. Visitors to the exposition at San Francisco will be greatly interested in the Southern Pacific building, for whose inception and installation of exhibits Mr. Horsburgh, in conjunction with Mr. E. O. McCormack, is largely responsible. It epitomizes outdoor life in California—a visualization of the real California—and the panoramic reproduction of the scenic beauties of the state have been admirably worked out. In addition to these miniature marvels, reached by real trails, there is a pretty little theater in the building where illustrated lectures on travel and industrial opportunities are a feature, a splendid organ, with a recitalist at the keys every afternoon, rest rooms for men and women and other engaging features that owe their introduction to the poetic mind of Mr. Horsburgh and the approval of Mr. McCormack. I welcome an old friend to Los Angeles in this cultured and delightful railroad man, and while Frank Batturs will be missed at his desk, will be found so good a substitute that the blow of parting is greatly softened. I may add that Jimmy Horsburgh, as he is to his intimates, pronounces his name in the good old Scotch way as if spelled "boro."

Two Railroad Men Reunited

By the mutations of time, after a separation of forty-two years, John J. Byrne, assistant general passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe, and James Horsburgh, Jr., general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, (southern district), are brought together again in the same field. In 1873 young Jimmy Horsburgh was a junior clerk in the Great Western Railway Company's offices at Hamilton, Ontario, in which city John Byrne lived. When Jimmy accepted a call from Sacramento to join the Southern Pacific forces his clerkship was filled by John, then a lad of 15, and now, after four decades they find themselves reunited, each having pursued a railroad career, with great credit to both, through the intervening years. It is certain that while the rivalry to get business for his respective road will be pursued with vigor by each passenger traffic official, only the most cordial relations will exist between the two men personally, who are much alike temperamentally—imaginative, poetic, impulsive, but keen railroad officials, knowing the details of their business as few men could.

Resurrection of Press Club

There is to be another Press Club here—for one night at least. The announcement is out that there will be a "Come Back" Night April 3, at "814 South Spring Street, upstairs, fourth floor, take the elevator." I can suggest but one plan for the optimists who thus are launching the seventy-sixth annual attempt to have a press club, and that is to go to General Otis in a body, kowtow three times with suitable imprecations—I mean supplications—and get him to guarantee the rent for five years in advance. He might even be induced to let the club use part of the First and Broadway Castle. Trouble is, the general never has been made honorary president of any of the press club efforts here, and his wrath has been visited upon them in consequence, thus far with uniform results. Pacify him and it will be all

right. Otherwise, my sympathies are offered sincerely to the misguided youths who think the thing can be done. If you don't believe me justifiably ask Claire Snively. Ask Sidle Lawrence. Ask Van Ettisch. Ask anyone who has been an officer of any of the defunct press clubs.

Gaylord Wilshire's Expensive Hobby

Gaylord Wilshire's recent visit to Los Angeles recalls the fact that intimate friends say he has spent not less than a quarter of a million dollars in fifteen years of socialistic propaganda. It is an expensive hobby, and he seems to have tired of it of late, not being so prominent in the councils of the organization as formerly. He has a gold mine near Bishop which "should soon be producing \$700 a day," says one of his friends. Let's hope!

School Board Issue is Clean-cut

Working in the belief that the best way to close a controversy is to turn the matter at issue over to unprejudiced persons who have not engaged in the quarrel, an impressive array of citizens has come out in support of an entirely new school board for the coming election campaign, the proposed members being Walter Bordwell, W. J. Washburn, Mrs. R. J. Waters, Shelley Tolhurst, H. H. Cotton, Arthur S. Bent and Andrew J. Copp, Jr. The idea is to promote harmony by placing in control of the school affairs a set of officials who have no affiliations with either side, and will investigate all matters on a strictly non-partisan basis. On the other hand Superintendent Francis' friends have determined that a board shall be committed to his cause. As Mr. Francis has a great number of friends, it will make the campaign strenuous, but it should be free from personalities on both sides.

Musical Treat is Promised

After the concert given last week by Schumann-Heink at Trinity, an impromptu reception was held. There was a long line of people patiently waiting an opportunity to shake hands with the popular singer, when suddenly she turned and caught a glimpse of a familiar figure. Stepping over to him impulsively, with both hands outstretched, she exclaimed: "Why, Judge Bordwell—and don't forget, I'm coming back here in July to sing a duet with you!" As the judge has been an active singing member of the Ellis Club for many years, as well as executive officer of the organization, this was no mere jest of Schumann-Heink, and I shall look forward to seeing the promise kept.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

DURING the last few days the Exposition has been put to the test of blustering and forbidding weather which was the more trying in that it succeeded three weeks of brilliant sunshine. Showers and wind, however, while they may keep the resident away, do not abate the enthusiasm of the visitor who has a limited time at his disposal and is determined to make the most of it. Therefore, it is significant that on the stormiest day last week the minimum attendance was 33,000, and although Sunday morning was by no means inviting, more than 50,000 passed the gates that day.

In Thornwell Mullally's proposal to insure the permanence of the Virginia building, which is a reproduction of Mount Vernon, there is an example which may well be emulated by either public or private enterprise. At the dedication of the Virginia building Mr. Mullally announced his offer to the Exposition authorities to purchase the building at the close of the Fair. "I would like," said Mr. Mullally, "to perpetuate this home of Washington and, to that end, to place it on one of the beautiful hills of California, overlooking the waters of San Francisco bay, as a perpetual reminder of Virginia's participation in our Exposition and as a permanent home throughout the years to come for all Virginians who will visit us."

Progressive Chinese are properly sensitive concerning anything which may give a wrong impression of their nation or its habits. For this reason a concession in the Zone labeled "Underground Chinatown" has been closed. The Exposition commissioners from China, garbed in silk hats and frock coats, laid their objections before President Moore. They were reinforced with protests from the Consul-General and the Chinese Six Companies who declared that the depictions in "Underground Chinatown" conveyed entirely false and unfair impressions of the habits of their people. The management of the concession threatens an appeal to the courts.

Thus far, the gates of the Exposition had been

big enough to admit the world and his wife. But at the appearance, the other day, of William J. Flynn, head of the United States Secret Service department, the gatemen found themselves nonplussed. Mr. Flynn weighs 350 pounds and his girth is so great that no turnstile would permit his passage. The automobile entrance was thrown open for his accommodation.

Woes of opera singers continue to multiply. Constantino, in a fine fit of tenorial temperament, has shaken the dust of Oakland from his patent leathers. He had undertaken to sing in the Macdonough Theater at the debut of Patricia O'Connor, who in private life is Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, but the audience was disappointingly small. After earnest intercession with the tenor, the manager was forced to announce: "We have been on our knees for an hour, but Constantino will not sing."

Judge Graham, although he is compelled to grant many divorces, always does so with reluctance, and only after exhausting his stock of antidotes. Frequently, a couple after ventilating their troubles are restored to amity by his suasion. After a fault-finding husband had expressed his penitence, the other day, the judge advised: "All right, you two go home, go to a theater to-night, and come back here in three weeks. If you haven't patched up your troubles by that time I will grant the divorce."

Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley gave three recitals in Festival Hall last week. The Los Angeles organist's success was so pronounced that he was engaged for three more recitals this week.

Nowadays, every public service corporation of prominence realizes the vital importance of publicity. Of all the methods employed by the Southern Pacific, the personal influence of President William H. Sproule is undoubtedly the most effective. He possesses to a remarkable degree the talents of the ready and convincing speaker and a winning Irish wit. At one of the sessions of the American Live Stock Association last week an attorney who has gained considerable notoriety by the vehemence of his attacks upon the railroads was indulging in certain reckless charges. As he paused for breath, Mr. Sproule who happened to be in the audience rose and calmly corrected the speaker's misstatement. The live stock men wanted to hear from the Southern Pacific's president, and when the set speeches of the session were concluded Mr. Sproule was called to the platform. One of the notable facts he emphasized, controverting a prevalent impression, was contained in this declaration: "As for the Southern Pacific itself, I can say that we have made far more applications for reduction of rates than for increase of rates. This condition followed the competition of the Panama Canal. Summing up, I might say that the carriers are now looking about for a direction in which to increase their tariffs, working no hardship on any one class of producers, but looking to the general welfare of the public."

It takes the average Britisher a long time to absorb all the American idioms. The other day one of the young officers on the old convict ship, Success, was making his usual spiel concerning the historic horrors of the sea prison when, during a pause in his eloquence, a young woman, much impressed, exclaimed, "What do you know about that?" The young officer became vastly indignant, assuring the young woman that he knew all about it.

Jitney accidents have become of such frequent occurrence that the supervisors have at last determined to regulate the traffic in a drastic way. The proposed ordinance will force every jitney driver to be under a \$10,000 bond, will impose a license of from \$40 to \$100, and will prescribe regular routes. Some such stringent regulations will at least reduce the present dangerous nuisance.

Concerted action has been taken by the hotel men to prevent misapprehension concerning rates and accommodations. Two hundred hotels with accommodation of 50,000 rooms have listed their permanent rates with the Official Exposition Hotel Bureau. This information is now published in a booklet distributed on all incoming trains by authorized guides. The manager of the bureau guarantees the reliability of this service, insuring good accommodations and reasonable rates. It will be a foolish host who imagines he

can elude the vigilance of such an organization and take liberties with the stranger within our gates.

San Francisco, March 30.

Cheaters

There are more different kinds of love represented in "The Songbird," receiving its premiere at the Burbank this week, than in almost any other play that now comes to mind. The undercurrent is the love of the artist-mother for her son, the emotion which gives the play its direction at various crucial moments. Secondary, is the love of the artist-woman for her husband, in which is transposed the Byronic lines to read, "The artist's love is of the artist's life a thing apart; it is the layman's whole existence." Another phase of the universal emotion is that of another type of artist—he who, pursuing the object of his devotion without being able to overtake, becomes more and more obsessed with his passion until

in the stories, poems, plays or pictures in which such love is portrayed. For while not everyone is, or aspires to be an artist, almost everyone has a deep interest in one or another vocation which conflicts with the emotional life, and so can appreciate, to a degree, the attitude of the prima donna in "The Songbird." Not everyone is a romantic tenor, but there are many who have experienced the sensation of discovering that what seemed to be an ideal, received its sole glory from its elusiveness. In other words, the contemplation of love in almost any form will awaken a response in the consciousness of practically everyone not utterly and hopelessly material. It, therefore, remains only to judge

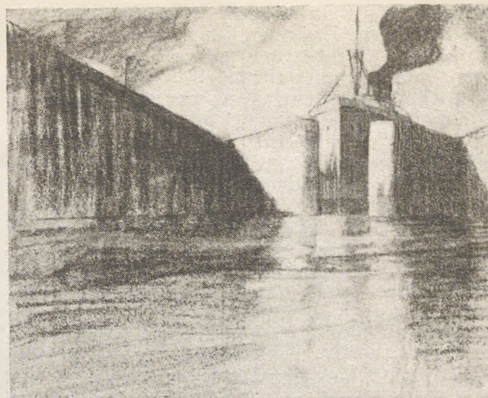


DANCERS AT WALLIS DRAMATIC SCHOOL

it grows from lyric to tragic, only to collapse as soon as he becomes convinced that it is unattainable. There is, too, the patient love of a husband (hardly a typical husband this one, however) who, once having failed to understand the needs of his wife, grows back toward her. Finally, there is the love of a young man for a mother he never really has known, from which there develops suddenly a devotion so sincere and strong that it illuminates all the other lives with which it comes in contact. As a sign of how the dramatic world do move, the least important of all the loves pictured in this play is the slender lyric of youth, which, not so many years ago, was the principal story of nearly every successful play.

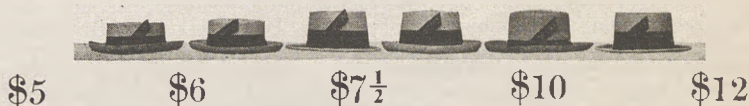
It is clear, therefore, that there is in this drama the vital element of success, for the playwright who deals truthfully with the sex motive is certain to reach the hearts of his audiences, for while a great love does not come into every life, there is no normal person in the world who does not hope for it, and see himself reflected

whether or not Frederic and Fanny Locke Hatton have, in addition to incorporating so much love interest in their play, written a story sufficiently interesting to hold the attention as well as the sympathies. It is not a complex one: Lilly Morran, a successful prima donna, is divorced from her husband, Philip Carter, and he has brought up their son, Richard, now nearly twenty years old. After a long absence from America, Lilly returns, and her husband seeks a reconciliation, not merely for himself, but for their son. Lilly rejects both on the ground that they do not belong in her life, which is now dedicated to a career. She looks almost as young as her own son, and cannot endure the idea of becoming known as the mother of a young man who has nearly reached his majority. Meanwhile, she has permitted an opera singer, Donastino, to become generally regarded as her lover, though she always has held him at arm's length. The son comes to see her under an assumed name, and then reveals his identity, winning her affection at



To doff a Panama is a gentle tribute this summer to the event California's two expositions celebrate. A crown of peace

---your Panama



Glance on these shapes. Something for the man who likes a good deal of style. Something for the man with very reserved tastes. Something for the "betwixt-and-betweens." All types of face, contours of head, harmonies to top all statures. LADIES Panamas \$5.



EVERY Panama hat, every hat at F. B. Silverwood's is a fitting crown to tip-top the HART SCHAFFNER & MARX clothes man.

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MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street Near Sixth

THE GREATEST SUCCESS SINCE "PEG O' MY HEART"

Jane Cowl in "The Songbird"

By Frederic and Fanny Locke Hatton

With Orme Caldara, William Courtleigh, George Le Guere and the All-Star Burbank Company

"THE SONGBIRD" will open at the Princess Theater, Chicago, three weeks from next Sunday night.

SEE IT NOW AT BURBANK PRICES

Regular Prices—Eves. 25c, 50c and 75c. Mats. Thurs., Sat. & Sun., 25c, 50c To Follow—"MONTMARTRE"

TRINITY AUDITORIUM

Grand Ave. and Ninth
L. E. BEHYMER, Manager

THURSDAY NIGHT, APR. 8, SATURDAY MAT., APR. 10

JULIA CULP

Lieder Singer

Coenraad V. Bos, accompanist and noted pianist

Prices—75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

COMING—The Barrere Ensemble, April 20



THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50 75c. boxes \$1.
Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c, boxes 75c.
Saturday and Holiday Mats. Night Prices

MARIALO & COMPANY, in "Porcelaine;" FRANKER WOOD & BUNEE WYDE, "Good Night;" BIG CITY FOUR, Rover, Bates, Emerson, Woods; CHAS. PRELLE'S ANIMAL CIRCUS; MELVILLE & HIGGINS, "Putting on Airs;" BERTISH, Ideal Athlete. Last week, RAY SAMUELS, "Blue Streak of Ragtime;" MABELLE and her Ballet; Orchestra Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe Twice a Week News Views.

Miller's Theater Home of Great Photoplays

Junction of Spring and Main at Ninth
Just a block from Broadway

One week only beginning Monday, Jane Miller and a big Fox Company of stars in "From the Valley of the Missing"

By the author of "Tess of the Storm Country."

Added Attraction: Fourteenth episode of "Exploits of Elaine"

once, and making a plea for another chance for an understanding between his parents. With this interesting quadrilateral—it is more than the ordinary triangle—the story runs along to a logical conclusion, the complications necessary to sustain the suspense being introduced deftly and consistently. It will be recognized that this is a story of more than average interest, and of a cleanliness unusual in a drama of sex relations in these days of horrible aberrations in stage pictures. Therefore, the play has both a sympathetic and a mental appeal, and what more could be asked?

Of the playing little but good words can be said, though it is a drama which never will be seen at its best until what is learned concerning it in this presentation is utilized in working out the finer points. Jane Cowl, who combines to a greater degree than almost any other actress, the qualities of charm and force, could not ask a better role. She portrays all the lightness and insouciance of the artist with the undertones of the fundamental emotions of the woman. William Courtleigh as Donastino takes first honors among the men of the company with an interpretation that it does not seem possible to improve in any particular. Orme Caldaras as the husband does not quite balance up to his previous records, accounted for by the fact that he is not a stock company actor, but, doubtless, will give a better account of himself later in the run. George LeGuere, as the son, was the surprise of the performance. He is new to Los Angeles, and has everything in his favor, youth, emotional fire, and an engaging personality. Grace Travers, Beatrice Nichols and Louis Bennison in secondary parts, are dependable as usual. "The Songbird," well written and well played, is deserving of success, not merely at the Burbank, but in a wider field.

Even Bill at the Orpheum

There is a well-rounded bill at the Orpheum this week which, while good in its entirety, does not possess any feature upon which one can lay his finger and say "this is the best." There is clever patter, new songs, a handsome strong man, good dancing—all this is needed to make up a vaudeville show—but the program lacks any outstanding feature. Ma Belle and her ballet might deserve the place of honor, but, unfortunately, this offering comes too soon after Mlle. Vadie's beautiful act, and the audience, having seen something much better so recently, fails to warm up over these dancers. Ma Belle is about half way between Mlle. Vadie and the ordinary musical comedy dancing. Ray Samuels receives the greatest amount of applause and so might deserve special mention, but she divided the audience into two factions; those who laugh long and loud, and those whose melancholy increases with each succeeding song. You like her or you don't, and that is all there is to it. Mae Melville and Robert Higgins in "Putting on Airs," and Bill Dooley and Evelyn Robson in "Vaudeville of Today," dress up the old, reliable "stuff" in new ways and obtain the desired result—laughter. Bertish is an extraordinary strong man, not so much in what he does as in the fact that he is small and good-looking. His feats are such as are ordinarily associated with a huge, over-developed man. James Hussey and Jack Doyle, George Whiting and Sadie Burt, and "The Edge of the World" are the holdovers.

Fun, Grls and One Song

"High Jinks," the musical comedy at the Majestic this week, was built around one song, but as the contractors utilized a great deal of fun, and embellished the structure with many charming young women, there is no suggestion of short measure. Stella Mayhew in herself, is ample. (Query:

Does an actress have to be stout to funny?). She is a refined edition of Marie Dressler, a less vociferous Marie Cahill, seldom employing noise as a means of expressing comedy, but, when she does so, making it a veritable Zeppelin bombardment. The comedy revolves around a perfume which effectively cures of their grouches all who inhale it, no matter how wrong everything may be running for them. The principal song, which forms the motive of the piece as well as the motif of the music, is the familiar, "Something Seems Tingle-ingle-ingle" that has been pirated, phonographed, xylophoned, orchestrated, and hammered upon helpless pianos by girls of whom you would expect more mercy, until it vies with "Tipperary" itself in its close acquaintance with the eardrums, but differs from that masterpiece of modern composition in that it does not so readily pall upon the musical ear. Rudolph Friml is not merely a harmonious blacksmith, and the music of "High Jinks," while it does not all come up to the mark of the one big number, contributes more to its success than any other feature. This is remarkable, for probably not since "The Serenade" has there been a native born musical comedy in which the music was the thing. Not that "High Jinks" can compare with the Victor Herbert operetta, but at least it shows a gleam of hope for American light music. Emma Francis, familiar to vaudeville patrons these many years, is the principal dancer of the company. "High Jinks" is a brisk performance and never lags at any point.

Dance Creation at Wallis School

In a colorful dance creation, "The Sorcerer of the Orient," combining the dramatic elements of pantomime, terpsichorean and musical expression Mr. Chalmers Fithian and student players of Wallis School of Dramatic Art entertained at Gamut club theater last Monday evening. Priceless oriental draperies and curios made a rich setting for the gaily costumed ladies and court attendants dancing silently through a weird tale of love and adventure. Mr. Fithian sustained a good impersonation of Burma, a beautiful dancing girl of the Ganges. He was supported by Winnifred Coster, Hazel Walker, Dorothy White, Bernadine Shelt, Violet Small, Murray Graham, Welma Scherer, Laura Goodwin, Janetta Murdock, Cora de Voe, Grace Smith and Miriam de Jersey as court ladies and Messrs. Charles Maurice le Valle, A. H. Gilbert, George Gendron, Herbert Cyril Coulter and Richard K. Schade. Vocal numbers were rendered by Miss Lucy E. Wolcott of Long Beach and Mr. LeValle. Marguerite Schweikert, Frances Shelt, Erle Cawthorne Kenton, Reginald Street and Ambrose Bonfield presented "All for a Million," a farce-comedy that provoked many laughs.

Porcelains at Orpheum

Most unusual is the headline act that will be seen at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, April 5. It is called "Porcelains," and is presented by Maria Lo and her company. It is in detail a presentation in replica of the celebrated porcelains of the world; gems of the ceramic art that are beyond price. Most of the originals are in national museums. Maria Lo, with a series of selected models, has worked these out, in true colors and poses. Dresdens, Sevres, Doultons, and other wares, including many Chinese and Japanese designs, are utilized, and the whole make up the best series of the art possible. Franker Wood & Buncie Wyde are well known patter artists in the musical comedy and vaudeville field. The best quartette ever formed for vaudeville is the Big City Four. It has been some time since they were here, but they come also next week. Charles Presse's

Pantages

8 ACTS

PROGRAM CHANGES MONDAY

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, April 5
Matinee 2:30 Every Day--Nights 7:10 and 9:00
10c 20c 30c

THE MARCO TWINS

"HER HONOR THE MAYOR"

By Austin Adams

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATRE

BROADWAY NEAR NINTH

NEXT WEEK!!

George W. Lederer's First Big Film Feature

NEW POLICY!!

Featuring MARGARET WYCHERLY

THE FIGHT

Watch for Big Prize Announcement

By Bayard Veiller, Author of "Within the Law"
Prices—10c, 20c, 30c. Continuous 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Woman's Orchestra

OLD SAN GABRIEL MISSION

The Mission Play by J. S. McGroarty

Performances every afternoon at 2:30; Wed. and Sat. evenings at 8:15.
Tickets on sale Information Bureau P. E. Station, Sixth and Main.
Phones Bdwy. 6378, Home F 1230. PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00.

AUDITORIUM—CLUNE'S

THE CLANSMAN

The \$500,000 Film Drama; D. W. Griffith's Greatest Achievement

Compliments of the

SELIG JUNGLE---ZOO

The Ultimate Choice of
Those Who Seek the Best

CAFE
BRISTOL

poodles enact a play, "The Robbery of the Overland Mail," at the same time doing many "doggy" tricks. Included in the bill also are Melville & Higgins, in "Putting on Airs"; Bertish, the strong man, and the two under-actresses, Ray Samuels, the "blue streak of rag time" and MaBelle and her fascinating ballet. The usual orchestral concert and the Pathe twice a week news views complete the bill.

Powerful Film Drama

"From the Valley of the Missing," a powerful drama of love and mystery by the famous author Grace Miller White, who also wrote "Tess of the Storm Country," is the Fox production that opens a week's engagement at Miller's Monday. Featured in this great story is Jane Miller, late leading woman of the big Manhattan Opera House success "Life." In this part she created a sensation and dramatic critics hailed her as a distinct addition to the ranks of really great artists. She has played with Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, Henry Miller, Madame Nazimova, Robert Mantell and other celebrated stars. In "From the Valley of the Missing" she makes her first appearance for the pictures and she will no doubt be received with the same popular acclaim that greeted the other Fox star Nance O'Neill. The added attraction is the fourteenth of the exciting "Exploits of Elaine" stories, and in this one the identity of the mysterious "Clutching Hand" is revealed.

Majestic's New Policy

Equipped throughout with the newest and most down-to-date apparatus money could buy, and showing, not one, but two of the biggest and best feature films the world affords, with a woman's orchestra, unique stage

Wallis School of Dramatic Art

offers stock experience
LOU E. RALL, Bus. Mgr.
Main 3607 1044 S. Hope St.

settings and other novelties to embellish the attractiveness of the program, the Majestic theatre, Sunday morning, April 4, embarks on its new policy, the carrying out of which will undoubtedly make it the premiere motion picture house west of the Rockies. Coupled with the announcement of this change is that of the transfer of the road shows to the Morosco, which, like the Majestic, is controlled by the Crescent Amusement company. Announcement of the first attraction there will be made later. At the Majestic, the first offering will be "The Fight" written by Bayard Veiller, author of the dramatic sensation of the decade, "Within the Law," together with another six or seven reeler which is being held back as a surprise. It boasts two famed dramatic stars, beautiful Margaret Wycherly, and John E. Kellard. The story of "The Fight" concerns a girl who runs for mayor and finds herself pitted against "the gang." Of course in the end she wins, but after many perils.

Another Week of "Songbird"

At the Burbank "The Songbird," the new drama of mother love which received its first presentation on any stage last Sunday, is proving the greatest success since "Peg o' My Heart." Miss Cowl who plays the name role, is giving one of the best characterizations of her career and

the same is true of William Courtleigh, George La Guere, Orme Caldara and the other members of the Burbank Stock Company. "The Song-bird" will begin its second week at the Burbank next Sunday matinee.

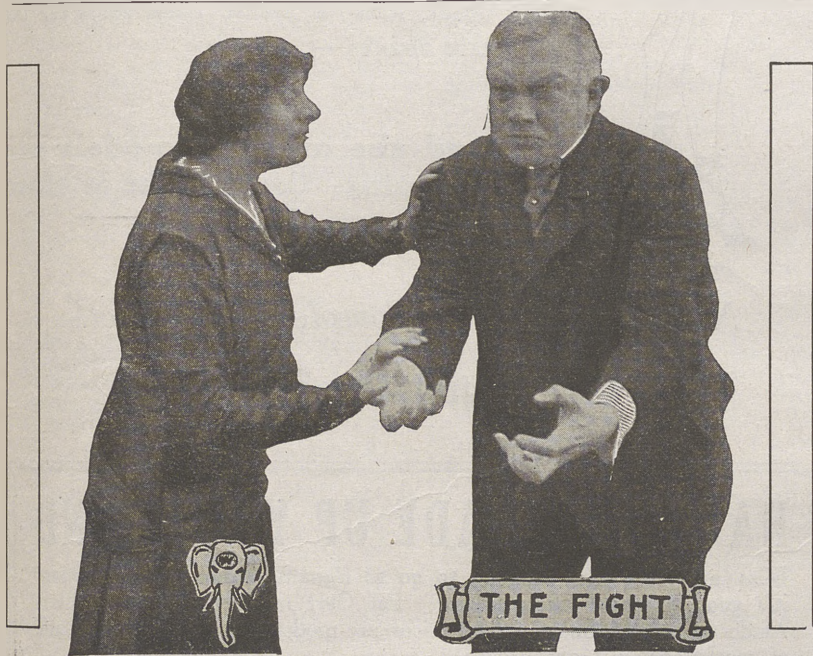
To Give Wilde Play

Friday and Saturday evenings, April 2 and 3, the Civic Repertory company will present at the Gamut clubhouse, "The Importance of Being Earnest," the comedy by Oscar Wilde. Some of the most capable actors in the company have been cast for the various roles, and at rehearsals and at the presentation of the play recently in Pasadena before an audience of 300, have proved themselves excellent in the characters. The play is in a lighter vein than many of the others undertaken by the company, and the success with which the actors are assuming the comedy roles is an indication of their versatility. Every role is a comedy part to a greater or less degree, and each has a value of its own, from the prim and precise Miss Prism, to Algernon Moncrieff, who gets himself and his friend, John Worthing, into all sorts of trouble with his habit of "Bunburying." Clarence Voight and Cecil Irish are cast

Landslide." Mr. Adams' most recent exploit is "Her Honor The Mayor," which Abrams and Johns will present at Pantages. Besides the Marco Twins and "Her Honor The Mayor" the new Pantages show includes the Bremens, as acrobatic team whose specialty is announced as "The Imps' Playground." Howard and Mason in Musical Comedy, Ray Lawrence, and the Musical Nosses. The last named is a clever musical novelty which is now seen for the first time in western vaudeville.

Julia Culp, Lieder Singer

Two fine programs, delivered by one of the best known although newest favorites of the musical world, are in store for the music lovers of this city next week. Julia Culp, the distinguished lieder singer, with Coenraad V. Bos, her accompanist, will be heard at Trinity, Thursday evening, April 8 and Saturday afternoon April 10, in two distinctly different programs. Julia Culp, gifted in voice, musician par excellence, elegant of manner, and ravishing to look at, is today pre-eminent on the concert platform. Her rare interpretative ability added to a voice of most extraordinary quality make her at once the



SCENE FROM "THE FIGHT" AT THE MAJESTIC

as John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff, and are doing excellent work in rehearsals. Their muffin scene, and their remarkable "team work" in the last act are delightful. Henry Remicke as the Rev. Canon Chasuble has excellent opportunities for comedy, and Miss Arri Rottman, playing opposite him as Miss Prism, is the acme of absurdity in her work. Miss Dora Holmes will be seen as Lady Brachnell. Mrs. Harold E. Allen as the Honorable Gwendolin Fairfax, Miss Florence Brown as Cecily Cardew, John Vosburg as Merriman, the butler, and Camden Knight, as Lane, the man-servant. Saturday evening Miss Lucile Evans will play Gwendolin in the place of Mrs. Allen.

Pantages' Double Headline

Manager Carl Walker has troubles of his own with two big headlines to advertise and both of them jealous of their prerogatives. The Marco Twins are known all over the world as one of the funniest acts in vaudeville. When there is another contender for the honors like Will Abrams and Agnes Johns in the same show, it is good philosophy if poor grammar for a manager to "Sing low and tread light." There is a famous author connected with the week's program at Pantages, Austin Adams, former rector of Trinity, New York, and more recently the author of "The

most sought after and envied of present day prima donnas. She is of Dutch origin, being a protegee of the queen of Holland, and a prime favorite at the court of that little country. Each season she is expected to spend a few weeks with the royal family in their country home. This will be her third consecutive season in America, a record which is equaled by no other concert singer at the beginning of a career on this side.

A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish within a week or two "Bram of the Five Corners," by Arnold Mulder, a picture of life among the Hollanders of Michigan, wherein eugenics appears as a force in daily life. Next week will appear also from this house "The Conscience of Sarah Platt," a story by Alice Gerstenberg which tells what happened in the existence of a New York school teacher after the return of the lover of her youth, whose long-ago influence had molded her life for twenty-five years.

FOR RENT

Well lighted and quiet studios in the GAMUT CLUB BUILDING. Especially attractive quarters offered for Musicians and Artists. For terms, etc., apply to the manager.
1044 SOUTH HOPE STREET

We Are Ready If You Are

- to help you select a suit.
- correctly cut, nicely tailored and fitted in a way to become your figure,
- in a quiet, conservative pattern if you wish,
- or in the new Glen Urquhart Plaids, Gun Club Checks, Roman Stripes or fancy mixtures,
- in any of the light, cool materials of Spring,
- with the fashion features down to the latest novelty.
- and priced from \$20 to \$45

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Clothing
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437-443 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Franklin
\$3 Hats

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A term savings account earning five per cent, compound interest, makes an investment exceptionally attractive to those persons having idle money, who desire immediate returns.

The Hibernian Savings Bank offers you this opportunity as your money begins earning 5% interest the day of deposit.

Your principal is safe, available and cannot depreciate in value.

Call or write for further information.
"The Bank of Thrift"

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2nd Floor
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Spring & Fourth

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
Non-Coal 011775
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
March 19, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 011775, for N $\frac{1}{2}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 a. m., on the 28th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Benjamin F. Failor, Samuel W. Failor, both of Owensmouth, Calif.
George C. Tucker, Charles E. Carrell, both of Calabasas, Calif.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
Non-Coal 014428
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
March 11, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Max Goldberg, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 26, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 014428, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 33, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 19th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles Stokes, Walter Hunter, Mark A. Brennan, Louis Olivera, all of Calabasas, California.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL No. 28944

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Cowper, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Hilda Montgomery and Ethel Mildred Wheeler for the Probate of Will of Margaret Cowper, Deceased, and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to Hilda Montgomery and Ethel Mildred Wheeler will be heard at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 13th day of April, 1915, at the Court Room of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Dated March 23, 1915.

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By H. H. Doyle, Deputy Clerk.
John Beardsley, 336 Title Insurance Building, Attorney for Petitioner.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL No. 28919

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Theodore W. Klingenberg, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Rosa W. Klingenberg for the Probate of Will of Theodore W. Klingenberg, Deceased, and for the issuance of Letters Testamentary thereon to Rosa W. Klingenberg will be heard at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 13th day of April, 1915, at the Court Room of Department 2 of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Dated March 20, 1915.

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By H. Brodek, Deputy Clerk.
John Beardsley, 336 Title Insurance Bldg., Attorney for Petitioner.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOL- UNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In re Application for Dissolution of Coombs Investment Company, a corporation.

Notice is hereby given, that the Coombs Investment Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, a petition praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that the 19th day of April, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time, and the Court room of Dept. 10 of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, this 10th day of March, 1915.

(Seal) H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By F. J. Adams, Deputy Clerk.
Muhleman, Crump & Williams, Attorneys for Petitioner.

Social & Personal

VICE President and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall were the distinguished guests of honor at a most delightfully appointed dinner party given Wednesday evening by Dr. and Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds at their home, 20 Berkeley Square. Vice President and Mrs. Marshall are close friends of Dr. McReynolds' brother, Justice McReynolds of Washington, and at one time attorney-general. The table decorations were suggestive of spring, the cloth being carpeted with forget-me-nots, candytuft and breath-of-heaven. Clusters of Japanese iris were used and at each corner of the table was a cluster of tulips and pink ranunculi. The pretty miniature garden was bordered with fragrant fiesias. The color scheme of pink, blue and white was artistically carried out. Illumination was provided by tall silver candelabra bearing lighted tapers. Gold monogrammed cards marked places for Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, Judge and Mrs. Oscar Trippett, Judge and Mrs. B. F. Bledsoe, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Allen Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Woolwine, Mrs. Benjamin F. Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lyman, Mr. William Kay Crawford and the host and hostess.

Interesting to a large circle of friends is the announcement which The Graphic is privileged to make today of the betrothal of Miss Ethelyn Kellner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kellner of 1340 Sixth avenue, to Mr. Francis Beckett, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Beckett of 2218 Harvard boulevard. The wedding is to take place at high noon, Wednesday, April 21, in the West Adams Methodist Episcopal church. Miss De Etta Hitchcock will assist as maid of honor and Mr. Beckett has chosen his brother, Mr. Wilbur Beckett, to serve him as best man. Miss Kellner is an attractive member of the younger set, while Mr. Beckett, the young groom-elect, affiliated with the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, is popular in local society circles. Several delightful pre-nuptial affairs are planned in honor of Miss Kellner. Following their marriage the young couple will make their home in this city, occupying a pretty bungalow home at 5046 Maplewood avenue, which is just being completed, and will be the wedding gift to them from Dr. and Mrs. Beckett.

Society is enthusiastic over the plan to aid the war sufferers in the philanthropic pageant or fashion show being arranged by the local society leaders to take place at Hotel Alexandria, Friday, April 9, and Saturday afternoon and evening, April 10. The entertainment which is designated as the Lafayette Kit, will be a social event of particular importance, with any number of afternoon teas and supper parties incidental thereto. Among those who are planning supper parties are Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis, and Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan. Matrons and maids by the score are taking a great interest in this worthy undertaking and a goodly sum of money will undoubtedly be realized by those having the affair in charge. A long list of willing assistants have been named to help make this fashion show a brilliant success socially as well as financially.

One of the most delightful of affairs to follow Easter is the tea with

which Mrs. Eugene W. Britt of 2141 West Adams street will entertain the afternoon of Friday, April 9, the event to mark the formal bow to society of her daughter, Miss Agnes Wickfield Britt. Miss Britt, in company with her mother only recently returned from a year and a half passed abroad. She will be a welcome acquisition to the younger social set. Among the matrons who will assist Mrs. Britt as parlor hostesses are Mrs. William Read, Mrs. W. J. Hunsaker, Mrs. William Thomas Johnston, Mrs. William F. Staunton, Mrs. R. P. McJohnston, Mrs. William Brill, Mrs. David S. Barmore, Mrs. W. M. Lewis, Mrs. J. H. Call, Mrs. A. J. Chandler, Mrs. Henry Kinsley, Mrs. John Wolfskill, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. E. H. Barmore, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. E. H. Barmore, Jr., Mrs. Arthur Wallace Sias, Mrs. Ben Goodrich, Mrs. E. W. Smith, Mrs. John H. Lashbrook, Miss Katherine Ebbert, Miss Carrie Waddilove and Miss Florence Hunsaker. A bevy of debutantes who also will assist are Miss Marie McCoy, Miss Sylvia Moore, Miss Florence Johnston, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Constance Byrne, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Byna Kingsley, Miss Jane Richardson, the Misses Helen and Adelaide Duque and Miss Mary Scott.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. George Steckel for a dancing party to be given the evening of April 10, at the Steckel studio.

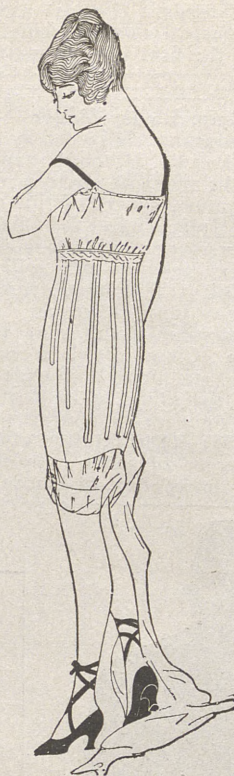
Mr. and Mrs. William B. Guyton of 641 Romeo street, entertained Wednesday evening with a delightful dancing party. The affair was in celebration of Mr. Guyton's birthday anniversary and about thirty guests were invited for the occasion.

Miss Dorothy Young and her aunt, Mrs. H. M. Sale, have left for a month's stay in the north. They plan to give a large part of their time to visiting the Exposition, but will be guests of honor at several affairs which northern friends will give in their honor.

Society folk are taking active interest in the annual tea and sale which the board of the Neighborhood Settlement association is giving at the Ebell club house Saturday, April 17, for the benefit of the work. The hours will be from 2 until 7 o'clock and the sale will include fine aprons, homemade cakes and candies, fancy articles and babies' belongings. Also the sale will include annuals—asters, snapdragons and other plants of selected colors for immediate transplanting. A program of music and fancy dancing will be followed by a general dance for the young folk. Following are the committees in charge of the affair: aprons—Mrs. Isaac Milbank, chairman; Mrs. Spencer H. Smith, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Miss Annie Wilson and Miss Cora Cogswell; candy—Mrs. Clifford Page, chairman, and Mrs. Albert Crutcher; cakes—Mrs. Archibald L. Macleish, chairman; Mrs. T. T. Knight, Mrs. Arthur C. Stilson and Mrs. Alfred Morton Smith; baby belongings—Mrs. John Garner, chairman; Mrs. Walter Lysle, Mrs. Mark Smith, Mrs. John T. Griffith and Mrs. Mark Rice; ice cream—Mrs. William A. Holt, Mrs. William Ramsey and Mrs. Wesley Clark; punch—Mrs. Nicholas Milbank and Mrs. Robert Marsh; memberships and donations—Miss Esther Nelson. The members of the board of which Mrs. Sumner Hunt is president, will be hostesses at the tea. Their assistants

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will include the young women of St. Elizabeth's Guild of St. John's church, who are Mrs. James Soutter Porter, president; Mrs. Morgan Adams, Miss Juliette Boileau, Miss Emily C. Booth, Miss Constance Byrne, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Margaret Daniell, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Selina Pope Ingram, Miss Florence Johnston, Miss Margaret Leonard, Miss Jane Richardson, Miss Mary Scott and Miss Katherine Torrance. The Neighborhood Settlement association has among its members many prominent society women of the city, all of whom have been loyally devoted to this philanthropy since its beginning seven years ago. First begun as a free kindergarten by the late Madame Caroline Severance, there later was developed a sewing school with Mrs. Henry T. Lee at its head and from this, seven years ago, grew the settlement association. Although one of the philanthropies of the Episcopal Church, Bishop Johnson being the ex-officio president of its board of managers, the Neighborhood Settlement is entirely non-sectarian in its work.

Mrs. C. J. Eastman of 7415 Hollywood boulevard has issued invitations

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for a bridge luncheon to be given Wednesday, April 7. Sixty guests have been bidden to the affair which promises to be most enjoyable. Spring blossoms will be used in carrying out an attractive and different decorative color scheme for each room and a prize is to be awarded for the best score at each table. Assisting Mrs. Eastman in entertaining her guests will be Mrs. Alan Gardner, Mrs. C. H. Hanchett, Mrs. C. E. Hodgson and Mrs. Newcomb. Music will be rendered throughout the afternoon by a well known harpist.

Mr. and Mrs. Orra E. Monnette entertained Monday evening at their home at 3101 Wilshire Boulevard, with a dinner party in honor of Mrs. Adelaide Timmons, daughter of former Vice President Charles Warren Fairbanks. Mrs. Timmons and Mrs. Monnette were college friends, and are renewing a pleasant association. The guests of the evening, besides the honoree, were Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. Leo S. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Page, Mr. G. Harold Janeway.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the supper-dance to be given by Los Angeles Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy a few days following Easter at the Bryson. Five hundred guests are expected to participate in this annual festive affair. The official seal of California in gold will adorn the programs. California poppies and baskets of oranges temptingly placed here and there will be used in the decorative scheme. An artistic arrangement of flags will also be used in ornamenting the rooms while the salads, ices and other dainty refreshments will be served in the form of tiny bears, oranges and gold nuggets in order to carry out the California sentiment. The list of patronesses include Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Olin Wellborn, Mrs. William L. Hollingsworth, Mrs. R. H. Howell, Mrs. Orra E. Monette, Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, Mrs. James T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. A. E. Ellington, Mrs. Burton E. Green, Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. Charles Wellborn, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mrs. Frank Sherwood Wise, Mrs. Addison B. Jones, Mrs. Harrison Purdon, Mrs. Drew Pruitt, Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson, Mrs. Edward T. Sherer, Mrs. A. G. Stocker, Mrs. C. H. Hance, Mrs. Frank D. Shephard, Mrs. Fred C. Hartman, Mrs. J. K. Ellison, Mrs. Eugene Hawkins, Mrs. L. C. Brand, Mrs. Victoria Perry, Mrs. Samuel C. Dunlap, Mrs. Grantland S. Long, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Walter Hughes, Mrs. Charles L. Wallis, Mrs. Bessie MacGoodwin, Mrs. William H. Mills-paugh, Mrs. Nathaniel Dryden and Mrs. W. J. Chichester.

Mrs. M. A. H. Bostwick of West Adams street entertained with a dinner party Wednesday evening in honor of her house guests, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Tone of Des Moines, Iowa. Hyacinths and ferns were used in the table decorations and places were set for twelve. Friday Mrs. Bostwick and her guests left for San Diego where they will pass the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Tone are both well known socially in their home city, Mr. Tone being president of one of the largest banks in Des Moines.

One of the most delightful affairs of the post-Lenten season will be the large dancing party which Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald of West Adams street are planning to give, Friday evening, April 9, in compliment to Mrs. Marguerite Buckler Stevenson of Paris, who is visiting here. The affair will be given in the spacious ballroom of the Little Theater, invitations having been issued for one hundred and fifty guests.

Mrs. Stevenson, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth of Lake street, was

the guest of honor Tuesday evening at a brilliantly appointed supper and dancing party given at Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, by Mr. and Mrs. William Wylie Johnston of 38 St. James Park. Easter ideas will be carried out in the decorations, tiny bunnies and chicks being used on the tables. Guests, besides Mrs. Stevenson, will include Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton, Mrs. Charles Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Birkel, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cuzner, Mr. and Mrs. William Mead, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bannister, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Albee, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Schoder, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Burdick, Mrs. George Verity, Mr. and Mrs. John Powers, Miss Gretchen Day, Miss Effie Tuttle, Miss Florence Hunt, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Miss Ella Gardner, Miss Louise Nixon Hill, Miss Sarah Verity, Miss Somers, Miss Nina Robinson, Miss Gwendolin Davis, Mr. Charles Adams, Mr. Gage, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Howard Roth, Mr. Joe Barrington, Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. Huntley, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Harry Wilson, Mr. Oakley, Mr. J. F. Hunter and Mr. Frank Barrington.

Cumnock School closed for ten days holiday Thursday, and the students are for the most part to pass Easter at their homes. An Easter dinner Wednesday evening was the final social affair of the week at the school. Misses Helen Hardison and Helen Moar were hostesses at a small formal dinner served in the dining-room of "The House in the Garden." Miss Melicent Virden, a brilliant young pianist, and Mrs. James Webb, were the guests of honor, a number of the students and faculty being also present.

Mrs. Albert Crutcher and her children are in San Francisco visiting the Exposition. They will remain in the northern city until after Easter.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, who has been enjoying a stay of several weeks at Coronado and San Diego, is planning to make her home at the Beverly Hills hotel upon her return to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Schweppe have been passing several days in Santa Barbara, where they motored Friday of last week. They returned to their home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Frank Baum of Cherokee avenue have as their house guest, Miss Mathilde Gage of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Miss Gage, who is a niece of Mrs. Baum, plans to pass several months in Southern California and her aunt is planning many affairs later for her entertainment. Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Baum accompanied by their guest motored to San Diego where they will visit a week or ten days.

Gossip From Coronado

Vincent Astor's yacht is at anchor in San Diego bay, between the city and Coronado Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Astor attended a dinner party given at the Hotel Del Coronado by Commander F. N. Freeman, U. S. N., for Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Roosevelt. Most of the guests were navy folk, with Admiral and Mrs. Thomas Benton Howard heading the list. The table was beautifully decorated with vines and banked with orchids. Hawaiian musicians played throughout the evening. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral and Mrs. Howard; Captain and

Mrs. Ashley H. Robertson, U. S. N.; Mr. and Mrs. Owen Winston; Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Cole; Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Davis; Mr. and Mrs. John Dupee; Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels; Mr. and Mrs. Astor; Mrs. A. S. H. Kimmel and Mrs. C. H. Chadwick.

There was a ripple of excitement among society folk when the word passed along that the engagement of Mrs. Kathryn C. Jordan and Leslie Moon had been announced at a dinner the day before. Mrs. Jordan, who has a house in Coronado, is the daughter of former United States Judge Peter Grosscup of Chicago.

Walter Hamlin Dupee, the polo player, who was severely hurt in an automobile accident about ten days ago, is improving and is now able to be out for an hour or two each day. The accident was rather serious; it will be recalled that Mr. Dupee's collar bone was broken and two or three ribs also.

Miss Esther Cleveland, daughter of the late President Grover Cleveland, is still at Coronado Beach, enjoying herself playing tennis and golf, and swimming in the surf.

Registered at the Hotel Del Coronado from Los Angeles are: Mrs. C. B. Cleveland, Miss Alice Cleveland, William W. Van Dyke, R. C. Durand, Eva Green Langslow, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Buckingham, Miss S. Lynch, Mrs. E. B. Milhar, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. O. H. Churchill, Bishop Conaty, and S. E. Lynch.

Complete edition of the "Poems" of Maurice Maeterlinck is promised by Dodd, Mead & Co., who will issue at the same time a discussion of "Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry" by Basanta Koomar Roy, a personal friend of the Bengali philosopher and poet.

In the Trenches

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Bringing illumination from the past upon present conditions, "Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium," which the J. B. Lippincott Company will have ready at the end of this month, will contain many striking stories from Dutch and Belgian history illustrating the courage and determination of these people from the earliest times.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

VARIOUS committees in charge of the presentation of the prize opera, to be given in July under the auspices of the Federation of Music clubs are getting matters well under way. Louis F. Gottschalk has been engaged to conduct the chorus rehearsals and a call has been issued for capable chorus singers. The characters to be assumed are nuns, soldiers and peasants, and the music will require careful study. Mr. Gottschalk is an experienced director and stage manager and he will exercise both functions in this opera. After the preparatory work is done, Alfred Hertz, formerly of the Metropolitan opera company will arrive in Los Angeles shortly to direct the musical end of affairs and he will conduct the performances. Marcella Craft has been engaged to sing the role of Rosamund, the leading female part. It is promised that other artists as celebrated will be engaged for other roles.

Musical matters were quiet in Los Angeles the last week and will continue so until the end of the first week in April. The various concert giving bodies are gathering their forces for the end of the concert year and we may expect a long array of musical affairs from the middle of April until July. The next artist recital is that of Julia Culp, Dutch contralto, who sings at Trinity Auditorium in the Philharmonic course, Thursday, April 8 and Saturday, April 10. The following day Florencio Constantino, the star of the defunct National grand opera company, will sing a matinee program at Temple Auditorium. Monday, April 11, Jaime Overton will be heard in violin recital at Trinity; Tuesday, April 13, the Ellis Club occupies the same stage and Thursday, April 15, Mrs. Thilo Becker, assisted by her husband and by Will Garroway, will play a violin program at the same house. The Barrere group of wood-wind players are announced for the Philharmonic course, April 20.

Second of the popular Sunday concerts of the Woman's Orchestra at Temple Auditorium this week presented a pleasing variety of solos as well as three orchestral numbers, of which the best was the "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture by Nicolai. The soloists were Bessie Fuhrer, violin, Lillian A. Smith, piano and Mercedes Ciesielska, soprano. Miss Smith's piano work again demonstrated her virtuosity, especially in the Liszt "Rigoletto" paraphrase. Miss Ciesielska presented a novelty in the way of Japanese and Russian songs in appropriate national costumes. She was particularly at home in the latter. The closing solo was by Minnie Percival, a solo for piccolo which the fair player handled piquantly. Henry Schoenefeld conducted the orchestra. The audience was lamentably small.

Last week the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra gave a program at Ontario which spoke well for the orchestra and the community which secured it for the concert. If Los Angeles supported its orchestra as well in proportion as the Ontarians did this one, no hall would be large enough. The program included the Bizet "L'Arlesienne" suite, the Glazunov "Solenelle" overture, the "Lohen-

grin" prelude, the Saint Saens "Swan" and the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," an excellent semi-classic array.

It is not every violinist who could offer so excellent a program as that prepared by Otie Chew Becker for her recital to be given at Trinity Auditorium April 15. Nor could many violinists play such a program with the charm with which Mrs. Becker invests her public appearances. She will play, with Mr. Becker, the Caesar Franck sonata for violin and piano; a group of the antique resurrections by Kreisler, the Mendelssohn violin concerto and a group of modern numbers by Goldmark, Debussy and Paganini-Wilhelmj. This variety will give opportunity for display of the profound scholastic as well as the modern lighter styles and with Will Garroway at the piano a pleasing ensemble is assured.

Probably, April 30, another popular concert will be given by the Los Angeles symphony orchestra at Trinity. Sybella Bassett will be soloist, playing the Liszt E minor concerto. Performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony, which had been planned for April 30 it now seems will be postponed until the middle of May and the place at this writing is not determined, owing to a conflict of dates in the two or three auditoriums available. The soloists for the Ninth Symphony will be Mrs. Robert Smith, soprano, Mrs. L. J. Selby, contralto, Roland Paul, tenor and Clifford Lott, baritone.

Archibald Sessions will give the last of his series of vesper recitals at Christ Church next Wednesday afternoon, April 7, this being the one hundred and fifteenth recital given by Mr. Sessions. He will be assisted by Herr Reinhold Oeschler, tenor, and will give the following program: Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff), Harmonies of Evening (Karg-Elert), Minuet (Boccherini), Marche Nuptiale (Guilmant). Tenor—Geistliches Lied (Der Evangelinmann) (Kienzl) Nocturne (Dethier), Alleluia (Dubois). Tenor—(a) "Fahr wohe ich hatte Dich so lieb" (Schone) (b) "Che gelida manina" (La Boheme) (Puccini), March and Chorus (Tannhauser) (Wagner).

At Mrs. Jane Catherwood's musical last Monday evening at the Fowler Apartments, Molly Byerly Wilson sang the following German, Italian and English recital numbers: Samson and Delilah aria (Saint-Saens), Liebestreu, Auf dem Kirchhofe (Brahms), Lungi dal caro bene (Secchi), Were my Song with Wings Provided (Hahn), Yesterday and Today (Spross), Birth of Morn (Leoni). Miss Wilson's accompanist on this occasion, and also at Krotana Institute last Sunday afternoon, was an old-time friend, Miss Arley Mott, of Santa Paula. Miss Mott is an artist of note, a pianist and accompanist, and several years ago, when just out of school, she met with unusual successes on concert tour with Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, David Bispham, Max Heinrich, and other eminent musicians, and under the direction of Reginald De Koven.

What promises to be an artistic and enjoyable musical event will be the second concert of its twentieth season, to be given by the First Congregational Church Orchestra, next Fri-

day evening, April 9, in the church auditorium at 841 South Hope street. This will be the fifty-first concert by this orchestra, which, since its inception twenty years ago, has been under the leadership of William H. Mead. There will be the solo numbers, with orchestra accompaniment, by Molly Byerly Wilson, contralto, whose numbers will be: My Heart is Weary (Goring-Thomas), O Golden Sun (Grace Adele Freebey), Lungi dal caro bene (Secchi). The orchestral numbers will be: G Minor Symphony (Mozart), Rosa Munde Overture (Schubert), Concert selection from the opera "Herodiade" (Massenet), Valse Brillante (Chopin), Andante from the second Violin Concerto (Wieniawski).

Archibald Sessions evidently has a friend in the Pacific Coast Musical Review, published at San Francisco. The last number says of Mr. Sessions' organ recital at the exposition: "Two organists from Southern California have played so far, namely, Archibald Sessions and Ray Hastings. We were only able to hear Mr. Sessions, whom we consider the foremost organist of Los Angeles. He is surely the most active, for he was instrumental in starting the first series of regular organ recitals with soloists in the metropolis of Southern California. He is an expert on the instrument, having particularly a splendid knowledge of orchestral effects. He manipulates the stops in a manner to secure the most effective combinations and his technical execution in all directions is quite brilliant. He is both a poet and a dramatist on the instrument and creates an excellent impression by reason of the depth of his musical sentiment. It would have been difficult to select a more able exponent of the organ from Southern California."

Adolf Brodsky, the celebrated Russian violinist, the teacher of Rudolf Brand and possibly other Los Angeles violinists, is held prisoner in Austria. Leading Americans in force have signed a petition to the Austrian government to secure Brodsky's release. He is sixty-four years old, is ponderous and phlegmatic and hard-

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ly of a caliber to do damage to Austria's political fortunes. Josef Lhevinne is refused permission to leave Berlin and reports to the military or police authorities every few days. He is not allowed to give concerts. Reason: he was born in Russia. Andreas Dippel is not to be caught by any unpleasantness of nationality like these. He has taken out his second naturalization papers in this country.



By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

MEMBERS of the Friday Morning Club had the privilege of hearing Charles M. Hutchinson, president of the Chicago Art Institute at their luncheon last Friday. He spoke glowingly of the buildings at the Panama-California Exposition, and dwelt with emphasis on their value from an art sense. He concluded his remarks by telling of the work of the "Friends of American Art" as associated with the Art Institute of Chicago, and founded on lines similar to those followed by the "Friends of French Art" in Paris. He said he stated these facts at the request of his friend, William Wendt, who is seeking to establish a like organization locally. In Chicago, in a little more than four years they have accumulated \$120,000, for which sixty works of art by American men and women have been purchased. This \$30,000 annually has been pledged by persons giving a voluntary contribution of \$200 for a period of five years. That his words carried weight, is attested by the fact that several donations have been promised. The details of this organization were mentioned in these columns several weeks ago. For the benefit of those who may not have read them at that time, they are repeated. It is requested that persons interested contribute for a period of five years the sum of \$100 annually. The amount thus accruing to be used for the purchase of art objects for our local art galleries. The especial advantage is that such works of art will be obtained upon the advice of persons capable of judging their real value.

* * *

Another incident of the luncheon was the few words spoken by Julia Bracken Wendt, who responded at the request of Mrs. Russell J. Waters, the president. She followed Edward Berwick who spoke on "Peace," and said that his discourse reminded her of her latest creation "The Survival of the Fittest." She explained that her thoughts were on the peace plan when she first conceived it. She was anxious to be at work and by candle light rolled in to her studio from her

back yard, a plaster globe. She placed it on her turntable and set to work blocking in the figure of a child (to typify love) sitting on top of the world. The child looks up as if listening to a voice, as it breaks a sword across its knee. At the base, surrounding the globe, are groups of figures, representing the horrors of war falling away from the sphere. The next morning when she went into the studio she found an army of ants passing in and out of the globe and marching all over the studio. She could not get the globe out, therefore had to set about getting rid of the ants. Thus had peace to begin with war—and thus was much of the joy of the work disturbed.

* * *

Interested persons will regret to learn that Mrs. William Harvey Housh who has been the president of



MOUNT SHASTA—CANVAS BY J. BOND FRANCISCO

the Fine Arts League, and member of the board of governors of the Museum of History, Science and Art for so long has decided to resign and has suggested that Mr. Guy Rose, who returned recently after over twenty years spent in old world art environs, be elected in her place. I wish it were possible to publish her resignation in toto, but as space is limited we must forego that privilege. In it she exhibits her forethought for matters artistic, and predicts many things which we trust will come to pass. Mr. Rose is thoroughly conversant with art matters and I believe would make an excellent successor to Mrs. Housh.

* * *

Few are better known locally for the quality of their art expressions than is J. Bond Francisco who paints our landscape with such loving touches. He knows well the tone lights of our sunshine and shade and interprets them in a manner which makes him a close rival to nature. You will have an opportunity of judging of this quality and his recent canvases will be on exhibition at the Friday Morning Clubhouse this entire month. It is some time since we have been favored with a public view of this artist's work. In the interim he has developed new phases in the treatment of his pigment. He still clings

to the tender soft tones so much appreciated by Whistler and gives them a like characteristic handling in his larger canvases, but the smaller ones are direct interpretations full of vigor and vision. In the latter he many times resorts to the palette knife as an implement for expression, thus giving them more vital lines of impression. You will note that he is heir to the moods of a poet for several canvases are presentments alive with the tender "intunings" of nature. For special reference I would refer you to "Sunset, Balboa." Stretches of marshes with a vista looking toward the ocean is the keynote of this composition, and in the firmament are vivid tones, the remnants of the dying sun's lights. These rays silhouette against the cold mist in the distance which appears almost like a fog bank. There is rhythm in every stroke of color and it sings together like a beautiful melody. Perhaps, it might be well to state here that Mr. Francisco besides being an artist, is also a musician of marked ability, and then one can more readily reconcile the perfect harmony of this canvas.

* * *

Of like character is also "Daybreak" another bit of Balboa. Grey fogs and mists envelope an expanse of flat stretches. The lights of day peep in over the horizon line and blend with the blue mists along the hills. It is

the beginning of a spring day and the glory of the colors are vividly suggested. "Dawn" the small one in a low tone key is vital in contrasts.

(Continued on Page 15.)

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Week of April 3 to 9

Helena Dunlap—nine new canvases—Museum Art Gallery.
Seymour Hayden—150 etchings—Museum Art Gallery.
J. Bond Francisco—new landscapes—Friday Morning Clubhouse.
Edwin M. Dawes—Minnesota and California landscapes—Kanst Art Gallery, 854 South Hill.
George Henry Melchers—landscapes—Kanst Art Gallery.
William Keith, and old Spanish and Flemish masters—Raymond Gould Shop, 324 West Fifth.
Japanese Prints—Nathan Bentz Co., 212 West Fourth.
J. Duncan Gleason—marines—U. S. Royer Co., South Hill.
G. Cadanazza—landscape—Byren's Gallery, 836 South Broadway.
Sixteenth Century Stain-glass windows—Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, 614 West Sixth.
Art in Home Photography—E. Martin Webb, 706 Majestic Theatre Building.
Hand-colored Easter cards—F. H. Taber, 414 South Spring.
Winsor & Newton colors—Duncan Vail Co., 730-732 South Hill.
Bookwood Pottery—Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East Colorado, Pasadena.
Engravings of Henri Wolf—O'Hara & Livermore shop, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.

Books

SO much violent literature upon the peace question has been written by both jingo and pacifist that it is a pleasure to read a volume upon the subject which is free from anger, shows little malice and which does not shriek aloud a bitter denunciation of the adversary. Such a book is "Peace Insurance" by Richard Stockton, Jr., a man who writes not as if he had formed an opinion and then sought arguments to support it, but rather as one who heard the contentions on both sides and then arrived at his decision. Though it is notorious that statistics can be so twisted as to support almost any hypothesis, Mr. Stockton apparently has made the use of figures for which they are primarily intended—to convey information and not to mystify the mind. Since the author is so eminently sane in what he says, it behooves those with pacifist tendencies to read his little volume which will certainly tend to discourage following in the footsteps of the ideologists.

Mr. Stockton believes world-peace would be desirable, hopes it will come in the future, but he shows that a long time will probably elapse before universal disarmament is possible and that, meantime, it is folly for the United States to be unprepared for eventualities. He makes a bid for the favor of the conservative advocates of universal peace by showing the sterling worth of Norman Angell's method of attacking war and though he does attempt to disprove the propositions stated in "The Great Illusion," he treats its author as a worthy foe.

Briefly stated, Mr. Stockton's argument is this: The Army and Navy are not burdensome during peace but should be regarded as insurance, and extremely cheap insurance, against war; the United States may be attacked, hence, we must be prepared to resist aggression; citizen soldiery is absolutely valueless in the early stages of war—a contention proved by many examples and quotations—hence we must increase the number of our trained soldiers; and the requests of the general staff, which would insure the defense of our coasts until the citizen soldiery should become efficient, would not involve a great additional expense. To the American of the "We can lick the world" stamp, there would be much food for thought in the volume if he could be torn away from his yellow newspaper for a sufficient time to read it. ("Peace Insurance." By Richard Stockton, Jr. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

Queer Domestic Study

"Mrs. Martin's Man" is a strange study of a peculiar domestic complication, and its principal virtue lies in the clever work of its author, St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company. That it was intended first for a play, as the story is told almost entirely in the conversations of the principal characters. Mrs. Martin married because of the feeling that Martin was a dominant individual. She enjoyed his strength and "masterful" qualities, only to find, as children arrive in steady procession, that while he was all she needed, she could not satisfy his demands. It was not that she was small, but that he did not appreciate her, and so took up with her young and pretty sister, until it became the common talk of the neighborhood. Things drifted along toward what end none could guess,

when suddenly Martin deserted both women and went to sea. In the end he returned, but only to find that the situation had changed. Mrs. Martin had become the masterful soul, and she worked out the problems of all concerned, including her sister and her son. It is not a pretty story to summarize, but it is saved from being merely sordid in its completeness by reason of Mr. Ervine's cleverness. ("Mrs. Martin's Man." By St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company.) Bullock's.)

Another New Novelist

There have been several serious works of fiction by American writers of late, which (while "one swallow does not make a summer") promise well for the novels of the future of this country. "The Harbor" by Ernest Poole is distinctly the best American fiction of the year, and "Blue Blood and Red" by another practically unknown man, Geoffrey Corson, is hardly less meritorious, though it is devoted to individual and not national problems. Mr. Corson's cry is for individuality that dares to work out its own destiny. He pictures several persons, each bound down by a particular set of conventions; and after all, who is there whose life does not seem to be restricted in one way or another? So there is the Carmichael family on the hill, which is circumscribed by the traditions of aristocracy, and the McCoys beside the docks, whose chains are of a different sort. The son of the proud Carmichaels and the daughter of the no less proud McCoys, cross each other's paths early in life, and cross and recross constantly, yet the lines which have been drawn about their lives are permitted to hold them until it brings them also to disaster. Yet their suffering and struggling is not fruitless, and they work out their salvation, which finally brings them to the high places of life. Aside from its strength in this primary love story, "Blue Blood and Red" also is distinctly a fine piece of literary work. It is never diffuse, and yet Mr. Corson succeeds in bringing into its scope a great variety of interesting characters. The scenes, laid within a short distance of New York, are not those of the New York of tradition, and are picturesque glimpses of a neighborhood which really exists, and yet is almost unknown. ("Blue Blood and Red," by Geoffrey Corson. Henry Holt & Co. Bullock's.)

Light War Fiction

For the omnivorous ones, who are not satisfied with the mass of war news printed by the newspapers and magazines, there is now well under way a flood of war fiction. One of the first of these is a light and breezy story, "Here's to the Day," in which an American and a German, on the neutral ground of Luxemburg, both in love with the same girl, go through a series of adventures in their struggle to win her. There is a fight in an aeroplane, and a few battle scenes done sketchily enough, but the difficulty experienced by the authors is in furnishing anything like the thrills necessary to compete with the newspaper reports. It is going to be extremely difficult, for this reason, for the novel writers to get a wide audience for war fiction. Many of the most graphic writers of this country are supplying the periodicals with facts more absorbing than any fiction can hope to be. "Here's to the Day"

For Her Graduation

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is only mildly entertaining for the reason that these comparisons are inevitable. ("Here's to the Day," by Charles Agnew McLean and Frank Blighton. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"The Gentleman Adventurer"

Back to the days of the Jolly Roger. Back to the Spanish Main. Back to the haunts of Captain Kidd. And so runs the tale by H. C. Bailey, entitled "The Gentleman Adventurer." It is the story of a young Englishman of the time of William of Orange, who was carried away to the plantations and sold as a slave. Escaping with others of his kind, he became pirate and captain. But a jolly, kind pirate was he, a kind of Pirate of Penzance; and he chased the king of pirates to his lair and destroyed his castle and saved a beautiful maid and was followed back to his home in England by the pirate king—and—and—and enough to keep the boy reading—or mayhap his father—until dawn. But it is rather a nice sort of pirate tale, fit for the Christian Monitor columns, with little of sin, sickness or death, an expurgated pirate, as it were. ("The Gentleman Adventurer." By H. C. Bailey. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"The Rose-Garden Husband"

With a fine philosophy of life and doing good wherever it goes is "The Rose Garden Husband," a cheerful little story by Margaret Widdemer. Yet there is in it an amazing circumstance, an unusual business arrangement toward which the author carries us with the subtle plausibility of Jules Verne when he juggles with the phenomena of physics.

To make a charmingly conscientious New England girl marry a man with whom she had had no opportunity to become acquainted before her wedding day, takes skill and tact. But the author has both and a clever conversational style which brings us up to the climax with swing and flash of wit scattering difficulties before they can be dwelt upon.

Phyllis Narcissa Braithwaite, known to the children as the "Liberty Teacher" is a lovely little woman giving much more than the books and stories she reads to the little immigrants, and receiving, in her workaday life, not enough of love and care to keep her youth and freshness or even to help her grow old gracefully. As a solution of the drab lives of overworked business women the getting of a rose garden husband has its limitations. Few have the background of New England traditions which made Phyllis so delightfully able to get the most out of life. Yet no one will read this story without catching the fleeting thought that out of even humdrum lives, youth and service can together work the miracle of happiness.

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ness. ("The Rose-Garden Husband." By Margaret Widdemer. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Bullock's.)

M. U. S.

"Paths of Glory"

None but a humorist should attempt to write a book about experiences on the battle-front of the present European war; he would pile horror on horror without relief and admixture, he would dull the reader's mind by the very weight of horror until the most awful results of the catastrophe would pass as mere nothing.

ings. With humor as a saving grace, the writer can accentuate the truly terrible and make the reader see the frightful consequences. But it is unfortunate that a humorist of Irvin S. Cobb's type should have undertaken a volume upon the war; he is a funny humorist, and so gives a fatuous touch to what is inexpressibly grim. He asserts he means no levity when he says that Liege was well shaken before taken; but it strikes one that Mr. Cobb, appreciating that he is regarded as a professional humorist, feels called upon to be funny and is so even at the expense of the reader's sensibilities. "Paths of Glory" is an interesting book because Mr. Cobb is a keen observer, and because of his humor—when it is used appropriately. Such chapters as "Being a Guest of the Kaiser" are delightful pieces of writing, but in reading the graphically grim descriptions of the horrors of the battle-field where thousands of wounded are left to die between the opposing trenches, of the awful, silent despair of non-combatants who have lost their all for they know not what reason—in reading these passages, one is ever afraid that the author will insert a funny remark, and, unfortunately, it is nearly always found. ("Paths of Glory." By Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Co., Bullock's.) J. G. R.

In April Magazines

World's Work for April devotes the greater part of its war section to the naval phase of the conflict. There are long articles on Tirpitz, the "father of the German navy," and Lord Fisher, who has been engaged in increasing the efficiency of the British fleet. Other war articles are "With the Germans at Tsingtau," "Lessons of the War at Sea," "The Day the French Reached Lombaertzyde," all strikingly illustrated. Other contributions to the issue are "Your Government of the United States," "Partial Payment Investments," "A Symposium of American Optimism," "Frank A. Perret, Volcanologist," "International Law on the Sea" and a continuation of Burton J. Hendrick's series of exposures of "Pork Barrel Pensions."

Following is the extensive list of stories and articles in Harper's for April: Our First Car, Louise Closser Hale; The Flags on the Tower (a story), Alice Brown; Song (a poem), Margaret Widdemer; Over the Ice with Stefansson, Burt M. McConnell; The Cup and the Lip (a story), Katherine Gerould; The Control of Soil Fertility, Robert W. Bruere; Harvest (a poem), Dana Burnet; Malady Aforethought (a story), Howard Brubaker; The Brave (a poem), Florence Coates; A Wonderful World, John Burroughs; Flint and Fire (a story), Dorothy Canfield; Silence (a poem), Charles H. Towne; John Hay in Politics and Diplomacy, Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer; Message of Spring (a story), Alan Sullivan; Slaves (a poem), Amelia J. Burr; Thursday Island, Norman Duncan; Pax Beata (a poem), Mary R. Norris; "The Tropic Bird" (a story), Mary T. Earle; The Brand of the City, Walter E. Weyl; Mr. Durgan and the Futurists (a story), Maude Radford Warren; The Deeper Diagnosis (a story), Eleanor Stuart.

Notes from Bookland

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out this spring two new volumes in their Drama League Series of Plays. "Patrie," by Victorien Sardou, translation and introduction by Barrett H. Clark, and Henry Bernstein's "The Thief," translated by John Alan Haughton.

Professor Irving Fisher presents a complete statement of his plans for combating the rise in the cost of living by standardizing monetary units, in his new work, "Standardizing the Dollar," which the Macmillan Company will soon bring out.

ART AND ARTISTS

(Continued from Page 13.)

This week J. Duncan Gleason has twenty-five of his marines, developed about Laguna and her environs hung at the Royar gallery. They remain until April 17 and will be reviewed at another time. snow-capped mountain peak, the half dead fir tree, the wild marshy meadows have the glamour of spring in their vibrations. Atmospherically, this canvas has fine "homey" qualities. That is, it has great "livability" as a home companion. Speaking of home reminds me that Mr. Francisco has some views on the association of canvases which are worthy of repetition. To quote him: "In considering the indoor quality of a picture one must not lose sight of the fact that in a room or gallery all crudities disappear and everything blends. Harmonies are finer and richer and the subtlety of things becomes more pertinent. The landscapist must consider this detail in his composition and combine its suggestion with that of his frame which forms the note between his background and his subject. Such consideration helps to relax instead of intensify the color scheme and storytelling qualities of his canvases." Next week I shall tell you more of these pictures.

Helena Dunlap's nine new canvases at Exposition Park were hung Thursday and one will have much enjoyment of them for they again interpret for us those vital scenes so alive with her particular individuality. Two of them are transcripts of Italian and Chinese quarters and seven are snow scenes of our northern county. More of these interesting blue tone impressions next week.

Beginning Monday the exhibition of Edwin M. Dawes' landscapes of Minnesota and California continues until April 17 at the Kanst Gallery on South Hill street. These twenty-five impressions of the elements of nature are replete with good qualities and as you have already seen from our illustration of last week, will make most interesting additions to a collection. They show the artist's understanding of moods and the vagaries of picturesque places. Monday evening there is to be a private view and reception at the gallery from 8 to 10 o'clock. Mr. Kanst will also show from April 5 to 17 new landscapes by George Henry Melcher of New York. They will be interpretations of the three years Mr. Melcher has spent in Topanga Canyon.

At the Friday Morning Club last week the speaker of the day was James Tarbotton Armstrong of London, who for many years has taken a keen interest in matters pertaining to art. He talked of "Woman, Her Achievements and Influence in Art." Among other things he gave us credit for being "artistic, refined and cultivated"—and even suggested that we were understanding enough truly to appreciate what art is. He deplored the lack of opportunity for women painters, but conceded that there was no dearth of them. He cautioned us to remember that "art had its origin deep in the soul, and to give it true expression required more effort than we realized at present." He also told of six masterpieces which idealized "womanhood" naming them as "Raphael's Madonna of the Chair," "Dagonet's Eve," "The Sistine Madonna," "Mona Lisa," "Beatrice" by Guido Reni and the "Venus de Milo."

Detleff Sammann writes me from Wald-Eck at Monterey that he has been fortunate enough to sell his "Survival of the Fittest" at the National Academy show. It found a purchaser there the first week of the

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exhibition and he adds, "I think this shows excellent judgment on the part of the Los Angeles jury who awarded me that first prize last fall." Mr. Sammann won the first prize of the California Art Club last year with this canvas. * * * Night and Day are parting company and the mists hang heavy along the coast of old San Juan by the sea. The craggy place has received fine interpretation. Our illustration "Shasta" is a mood in pink tones with grey blendings. The placid lake flows on, reflecting the wonders above it. The

To characterize the exhibition of the work of the students of the School of Illustrating and Painting of which William V. Cahill and John H. Rich are the heads as it was hung at Royar's on South Hill street is difficult. The general tone is interesting and here and there one senses strong lines of individual qualities. This is especially to be noted in the work of George E. Taylor whose "Boy With Newspaper" is freely and simply handled. John Roberts has a "Portrait of a Lady" in pastels, finely treated as to modelling and drawing, and Esther Hardison's "Lunchtime," a charcoal study with touches of color well placed, shows great power of interpretation. Among the oils Mrs. Louis Joseph Vance, the author's wife, shows a fine presentment of a "Boy

With a Tennis Racket." Its color scheme is understandingly handled and there are other good points. Yvonne Louis Robinson's "Lady, in Pink" and her "Brick Colored Boy" have characteristic touches which bespeak much for her future, and William Weber's "Bluebird" an Indian girl, is treated with good planes of value. Rose Lippincott in her study of Corsi, the well known model, shows finesse in handling and fine lines in drawing. Others exhibiting are Howard Willard, A. C. Hobart, W. W. Blackburn, Roland and Kong Hong. The latter is a Chinese lad of eighteen who never knew the use of pencil or crayon until Messrs. Cahill and Rich taught him. His study of "An Old Man" is unusually good.

Association of your home environment means much to E. Martin Webb of the Majestic Theatre building when he takes a portrait. He makes most individual studies which are winning him constant praise. Then, too, accessories are so much more "gettable" at home, and what is a portrait without proper accessories.

We are to have two summer schools by the sea this year. One is that of Rhoda Holmes Nicholls and Alice I. Howells at La Jolla, and the other is C. P. Townsley's Carmel summer school for men and women up north.

Stocks & Bonds

THIS week has not been without news exerting a depressing effect on the stock market. The cut in Amalgamated dividend and the announcement that the government had filed another suit under the withdrawal order of President Taft, affecting the properties of the National Pacific among others, proved weakening influences on the respective stocks. California Midway has also levied an assessment of 3 cents a share, and there is also one of 1 cent a share on Maricopa Northern which will be delinquent next month. Favorable developments have not been absent on the other hand. United Oil has declared a dividend of ½ cent a share which will be payable next month. This will be the second disbursement since the recent resumption of payments. Moreover, general business conditions are steadily improving, and the unfavorable happenings mentioned are more a reflection of past than the present situation.

Reduction in the Amalgamated dividend has been expected for several months. It amounted to 50 cents. The April disbursement will be at the rate of 75 cents a share. The reason for the cut is found in the diminished earnings of the company, owing to the declines in the prices of fuel oil in this vicinity.

Associated Oil manifested a slightly easier tone, when its subsidiary's dividend was reduced. The amount which the parent company loses by the procedure is small as compared with its total revenue, however.

West Coast Oil Company's April dividend will be paid at the usual rate. Amalgamated oil stock is easier in tone, and some was reported sold off board at \$57, following the dividend cut.

Trading this week has been confined mainly to the Union Oil securities, which have shown a little stronger tone at times; Los Angeles Investment and the lower-priced oil and mining issues. There have been a few trades in Home Telephone preferred and common stocks, in the former at \$35 and in the latter at \$12.50. Los Angeles Investment dropped below 50 cents.

Union Oil stock touched \$50 on a few sales early in the week. The deal with the British interests is now a tale of the past.

National Pacific weakened slightly on the filing of suit for the recovery of certain land on a section where it leases property in the Maricopa district. Trades in Midway Northern, Maricopa Northern, Jade Oil, Consolidated Mines and Tom Reed have been recorded. United Oil, which was also dealt in, is slightly easier.

Eastern View of Jitneys

Street car companies naturally look upon the jitneys with disfavor, says World's Work editorially. Nor can their competition with the street cars be looked upon by city authorities as an unalloyed blessing. Practically all our street car lines charge a flat five-cent rate within a given radius and in the larger cities the radius allows rides of six, eight, and ten miles for five cents. These long five-cent rides are perhaps the best means yet developed for relieving the congestion of our cities. The car lines can offer

these long five-cent rides because they also collect five cents for short rides in the more crowded districts. The flat five-cent rate for long and short hauls alike is based on public policy, not on the service rendered. The short-trip passenger is helping pay for the ride of the long-trip passenger because we want to encourage people to live in the suburbs. The jitney suddenly intrudes itself into this situation and establishes itself in competition with the car line on the short and profitable hauls. If the competition were untrammelled the car line would drop its short-haul price and run the jitney out of business, and at the same time necessarily raise its long-haul price. But the competition is not untrammelled. The car lines are regulated for the best interests of the public. It would seem wise to regulate the jitney toward the same end. There are unquestionably many services that motor buses can render in our cities and in these they should be encouraged. But all transportation in a city is part of one problem and should be regulated as such for the public benefit. It is easily conceivable that unregulated jitney competition might work ultimate harm to the whole. The time to study the problem and to regulate the jitney is the present, not after they have run loose for a year or two and congested traffic and killed people until public displeasure is roused. It is a good time for our cities to study their traffic problems. In their solution the jitney has a part, for unquestionably the jitney has come to stay.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Friday, March 26

WAR NEWS: Russians and Austrians struggling for control of passes through Carpathians *** Strikes in England may cause shortage of war supplies, and so prolong the war.

GENERAL: Supreme court of New York state may overrule order sending Harry Thaw back to Matewan *** United States submarine sinks in 300 feet of water near Honolulu *** Decisive battle expected near Matamoros between Villa and Carranza forces *** California may (if people so elect) exchange \$50,000,000 state bonds for the same amount in Western Pacific bonds, to get control of Western Pacific.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Union Hollywood Water Company being sought in partnership by the city, as an outlet for the Owens River supply *** Council passes bill-board ordinance, regulating size and other matters concerning these structures.

Saturday, March 27

WAR NEWS: England and Russia already at outs over future of Constantinople, which, however, is still a Turkish city *** Germans make determined but unsuccessful attempt to break through French center in Flanders.

GENERAL: Special correspondent of Los Angeles Times sends sensational story that it is the intention of Carranza to wipe out Mexico City, sacking churches, and spreading disease, but maybe it isn't so

*** All hope for crew of sunken submarine is abandoned *** Villa begins siege of Matamoros. **OF LOCAL INTEREST:** Grand jury investigation of Chief Sebastian is put into operation by District Attorney Woolwine *** Miss Sibyl Mather, the Pacific Electric employees' candidate for Fiesta Queen, is elected to that honor by a great majority.

Sunday, March 28

WAR NEWS: Battle in Carpathians continues with unabated fury *** Italy calls out more reserves with every apparent intention of entering the war soon *** Greece, however, prepares definitely to stay out of all entanglements which might lead to war.

GENERAL: Times' determination to arouse all Los Angeles to a fighting fury against the conditions in Mexico is shown in another horror story, but is not accompanied by a personal offer by General Otis to lead a filibustering expedition down there to straighten things out.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: District Attorney Woolwine denounces local police methods as characterized by Russian terrorism *** Vice president Marshall and Mrs. Marshall arrive here in the tour of the exposition state.

Monday, March 29

WAR NEWS: Two more English merchant ships are destroyed by German submarines *** Italian troops ordered to Austrian frontier *** Lloyd-George proposes prohibition of the sale of intoxicants until after the war is over *** Russians concentrating their forces on Uzsok pass and maintain incessant attack upon Austrian positions.

GENERAL: Submarine which sunk is located, but it may be impossible ever to raise the vessel *** Small steamer in San Francisco bay strikes submerged reef, and causes panic, but all passengers and crew are rescued.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Judge Willis upholds constitutionality of ordinance which discriminates against women in prohibiting them from cigar stand gambling, while men shake dice to their hearts' content.

Tuesday, March 30

WAR NEWS: Kaiser holds war council in Berlin *** Dardanelles bombardment discontinued temporarily *** Terrific struggle in Carpathians continues.

GENERAL: Rockefeller to give \$100,000 to Colorado miners' relief *** Riots in Seattle over street car strike *** West and south swept by storm and snow.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Indictments of accused dynamiters Schmidt and Caplan are upheld by court *** Associated Jobbers receive word that Los Angeles is to get terminal rates, which apparently were to be denied by interstate commerce commission.

Wednesday, March 31

WAR NEWS: Situation between Japan and China reaches critical stage, diplomatic discussions developing many points upon which both countries are unbending *** Two more sunk by German submarines.

GENERAL: Baron Rothschild dies *** Villa officials say Carranza men looted treasury of 16,000,000 pesos in bonds.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Olive Day observed *** Assessment plan for flood district bonds is superseded by blanket bond system *** Cantaloupes arrive—\$1 each.

Notes From Bookland

Scribners promise a historical novel by Elizabeth Miller, author of "The Yoke" and "Saul of Tarsus," for early publication. The title is "Daybreak: A Story of the Age of Discovery." The scene is Spain, and there are

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many episodes dealing with Columbus and his desire to journey across the ocean. It is said to present a big and splendid panorama of the time. Florence Olmstead's "A Cloistered Romance" will also be brought out soon by this house.

Bobbs-Merrill Company will have ready shortly a new "Pollyooly" book by Edgar Jepson, which will introduce again the people of the former story. It is called "Happy Pollyooly: The Rich Little Poor Girl."

"American Women in Civic Work" is an account, by Helen Christine Bennett, of the personalities and the achievements of nearly a dozen American women in their work for civil and social welfare. It will be published at once by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Scott Nearing has written and the Macmillans will soon publish a volume on "Income," which will deal with the amount of money earned in this country as wages and salaries and as accruing from property.

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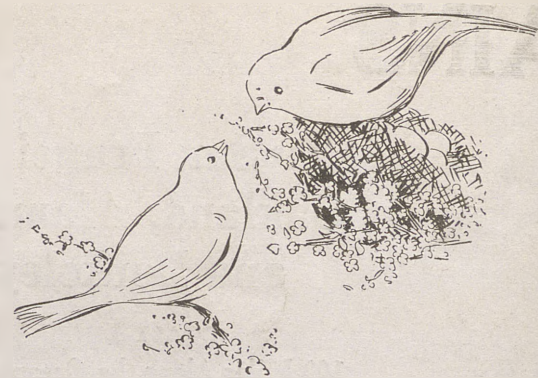
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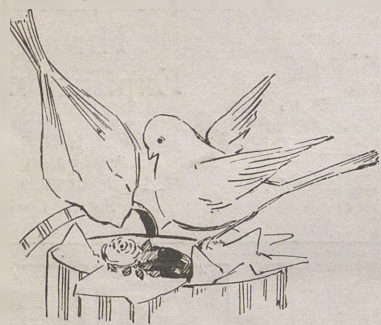
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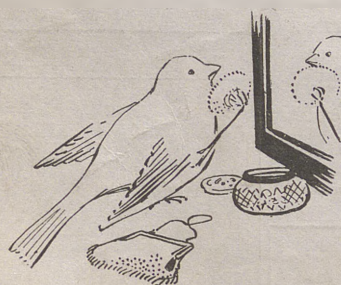
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